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New Republic

DECEMBER 20, 1948

ANC

TRUMAN'S JOB IN EUROPE By HAROLD J. LASKI

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

HARRY TRUMAN is going through a transition—from being President by accident to being President by right. Washington's big question is what this *is doing to him. Judging by his campaign* pledges, he is further to the Left than any other man who ever sat in the White House. Judging by his present conduct of the administration, however, he seems bent on exuding the milk of human kindness to business and on allaying Wall Street jitters.

This may not be a bad idea. Nevertheless, some of Truman's liberal advisers are worried. The answer to where the President really stands will come all in a rush during the first weeks of January. In the three big messages he has to send to Congress, he will cross the "t's" and dot the decimal points of his specific program. When the nation sees the new budget, it can tell, better than from any speeches, what the last election meant.

Meanwhile, at press conferences and informal appearances, Truman seems to us to be much the same friendly, unaffected individual he was before. But though he has the same rather likable tendency to pull the trigger too fast on answers, he now also has a certain new confidence and poise, and a new determination to stand on his own judgment.

When the Canadian Communist espionage case broke, the Dominion handled it like a trained surgeon who knows his business. It was a cool, expert, definitive job of exposure, and before there was any time for the big headlines, the story was all over. Canada was able to do this for three reasons. First, under the Canadian parliamentary system, there was no separation of the executive and legislative powers. Second, there was authority to act under the official-secrets law. Third, there was no equivalent of the lame-duck Un-American Activities Committee to muddle up matters and raise blood pressures.

In Washington, everything is reversed. *Headlines come first, facts* afterwards. In effect, the committee is duplicating in public what the New York grand jury is doing in private. At least one confidential deposition was released in violation of court rules. The committee and the Justice Department are now openly feuding. It seems that each has a vested interest in one or more of the persons involved, the committee particularly in Whittaker Chambers. His pumpkin papers virtually lifted it off its deathbed.

It would be nice if we could sidestep the whole nasty mess simply by kicking the House committee around. But the evidence indicates that State Department documents were really stolen. There are new facts which Alger Hiss must explain. Thus the slow-moving Justice Department has itself to blame if it seems always to be prodded by the publicity-snatching committee. The facts must come out, and they are ugly.

Huge aggregations of capital are in for investigation shortly, with the prospect of tightened controls. Most people don't realize the wealth of the big life-insurance companies. They now have an annual income of about $5.5 billion and are looking for spots to invest their money. They lead the banks as major lending agencies.

The extraordinary fact is that these companies have succeeded in fighting off federal regulation. They cling to control by the governments of the 48 states, which are weak, sometimes corrupt, and quite unable to deal with the federal problem involved. But the new chairman of the House Judiciary Committee is Emanuel Celler of New York, who calls the growth of the Big

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FEARLESS · INDEPENDENT · LIBERAL

What About RUSSIA?

Our mail contains an occasional cancellation from a subscriber because he feels we are *too friendly* to Russia.

There is, also, an occasional cancellation because we are *too hostile* to Russia.

. . . not enough in the course of a year, in either case, to be of any importance. But the principle involved is worth comment.

New Republic's staff, under the editorship of Michael Straight, believes firmly in democracy. We are opposed, on principle, to all totalitarianism—anywhere and at any time—whether it calls itself Fascist, National Socialist, Communist or anything else.

But we further believe that . . .

. . differing ideologies can exist in different parts of the world without going to war about it.

. . the job of increasing the degree of democracy in any one country is primarily the task of those who live in that country.

. . the United States is not yet so nearly perfect that it can dictate, on moral grounds, to the rest of the world how it shall run its affairs.

And we believe further:

. . that the conservative 99 percent of the American press is emotionally so hostile to Soviet Russia it is incapable of reporting on the USSR fairly and accurately.

. . just as the *Daily Worker* and its handful of sister publications are equally biased in the other direction.

. . that, to help steer a middle course, *America needs New Republic,* which tries to be fair even to those with whom it disagrees and reports facts even when they are unpleasant.

New Republic

has stirred more discussion than any other weekly in years!

If YOU believe in this policy we hope you will read every copy from cover to cover for WE NEED YOU as much as YOU NEED US.

Five companies—Equitable, Prudential, Metropolitan, New York Life and Mutual—a "menace." He is out to explore the whole matter thoroughly. Long delayed federal regulation is a prospect.

At the same time, the Federal Reserve Board is starting cautious proceedings in its anti-trust investigation of the gigantic Giannini banking empire in California. Like the life-insurance companies, this fantastic moneybag has brought farms, city real estate, corporations, banks and mortgage companies under its fiscal control. Here you have some of the threads of what sometimes seems to be the real government of America. Giannini has been called the largest farm owner in California—a major prop, incidentally, of the anti-union Associated Farmers.

The bloodhound on Giannini's tracks is Marriner S. Eccles, vice-chairman of the Reserve Board, himself a millionaire. Eccles will not sit in judgment in the big anti-trust case, but will appear as a witness.

Notes. The first thing a new Congress always does is to put through a quick deficiency appropriation bill. The one this year will carry provisions to put back nearly everything that the 80th Congress trimmed from irrigation projects. It will also repeal the petty House "bill of attainder" against Michael Straus, Reclamation Commissioner. . . . A lot of people would like to see Truman give recognition to Harold Ickes, self-styled "curmudgeon," who asked nothing, was promised nothing in the campaign, yet made one of the best speeches. What a man he would be to bring unity to the armed forces! . . . Negotiations on the Atlantic Pact have begun here with Canada, France, Britain and the Low Countries. Ultimately this must pass the constitutional two-thirds-majority treaty hurdle in the Senate. . . . Thomas E. Dewey never appeared to better advantage than he did down here last week, taking his ribbing from newsmen like a gentleman.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 119, NUMBER 25, ISSUE 1777, NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 20, 1948 **New Republic**

AFTER THE VICTORY IN CHINA

MADAME CHIANG flew across half the world for nothing. The American government will give her husband no aid on any scale which will be effective in his present crisis. It does not want to; but even if it did, there is no time.

Moreover, Chiang's soldiers do not lack equipment; they lack the will to fight. The Communists' irresistible weapon has been morale, dynamism. Chiang's soldiers share the attitude of all of China's wretched millions, sunk in poverty and despair. These millions have no love for the Communists, of whose philosophy they have but the dimmest conception. But Chiang's government they hate as the symbol of oppression, and they hate the United States as the supposed ally of that government.

This attitude toward us is something less than just. Our State Department has always been cold toward full-scale support for Nanking; and even Congress, which has gone further than the Department, has scrupulously refrained from trying to follow the pattern which the Truman Doctrine has applied to Greece. Yet the situation in China is such that any American aid to Chiang automatically weakens his position and that of his government, as regards the loyalty of his own people.

That the Nanking government will lose most of China in the near future seems as certain as anything can be in an uncertain world. Either Chiang will be deposed and the remnants of his regime will sue for peace, or his government will fall back on Canton or perhaps even the island of Formosa, and wait forlornly for a possible return to power. In any case, the Communists will control, in greater or less degree, Manchuria and North and Central China. A difficult diplomatic problem will then be posed for the United Nations, and, particularly, the United States. Shall they recognize the new regime, and if so, with what degree of real aid and coöperation?

In seeking the answer to this problem we must take a hard look at the character of the Chinese Communist movement. It is certainly not, as used to be said, a mere group of agrarian reformists; its top leaders are disciplined, orthodox Marxists. Yet the Chinese Communists are far from being mere tools of Moscow; they are more like Tito and the Yugoslavs than they are like the present rulers of Rumania or Czechoslovakia.

Even in the territories which have long been under their complete control, they have ignored the standard Russian pattern of behavior. They have refused to nationalize the land; they have supported small business; they have worked with and conciliated the non-Communist bureaucracy in the few cities they have taken over. Perhaps this is short-range tactics rather than long-range strategy; but it constitutes the fact with which we must deal. The Chinese Communists know they must woo the bulk of the people if they are to carry on. They know that Russia is the one foreign power which antagonizes the Chinese by continuing to practise something like old-fashioned imperialism, in its railroad and port control in the North.

The Chinese Communists are counting on the war-weariness of the cities, which would prefer any sort of stable new regime to continued civil war. When they capture a city that has been under siege, trade with the surrounding countryside is resumed at once, on the old terms. They are wooing the non-Communist bureaucrats in the cities whose help they need so badly. They are certainly in favor of coalition government on the local level, and for one overwhelming reason they might favor it on the national level as well, with the extreme reactionaries removed.

The reason is that China's urgent problems are beyond easy and rapid solution, under any political and economic framework. She needs a vast network of modern roads; tremendous hydroelectric installations; restoration of her soil, so badly injured by centuries of bad farming methods, floods and erosion. The average size of the farms should be at least doubled, modern agricultural methods should be installed, and many millions of her people should be transferred from the land to new industries which will in turn help to raise the standard of living, put the Chinese economy on a more stable basis, and produce the much needed fall in the birth rate which always accompanies industrialization. For all this, the new Chinese government will need outside aid in tremendous quantities, both in the form of goods and expert technicians. Such aid can

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come only from America or Russia, and we are much better equipped to give it than are the Russians.

In short, with the fall of Chiang, China need not necessarily be thrust behind the iron curtain, any more than is the case with Yugoslavia today. If we are intelligent and generous, we have a chance to help prevent in China the rigid totalitarianism which is our chief grievance against communism in Russia and her satellites; we may be able to restore and preserve the historic friendship between the Chinese and American peeople; we can maintain, in a new and real sense, the Open Door.

THE WEEK

"And Losing Everything"

NANKING

IN CHINA'S dispirited capital, the question is no longer if but when. Nobody but Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and a few of the old guard have the effrontery to predict otherwise.

From the bustling city of two months ago, Nanking is slowing to an Old Dobbin's pace. Except for jittery top-drawer officials, the million Chinese clustered within the city's great historic walls are accepting their fate resignedly. Only at the railroad station, the Yangtze River wharfs and the airport, where officials and their families are fighting for seats, is the peril facing the Chiang dynasty obvious, for the Communist guns are still more than 100 miles away.

The chief after-effect of an exodus paralleling the mass flight before the Japanese in 1937 is the elimination of the housing shortage and the fall of most prices except food. Chiang has authorized the departure of dependents of officials but insists that the government is not evacuating the city. Nevertheless, the official files have been crated, many have already been shipped off and most offices have been vacated.

The cabinet, the Foreign Ministry and other important departments are moving to Canton. Lesser organs have been sent up the Yangtze to Chungking, the wartime capital. Part of the Ministry of National Defense is going south to establish rear headquarters for the anticipated fight to hold the Yangtze River, the last barrier to South China. Apparently Chiang and the highest military men will remain until the last, then will retreat to Nanchang, later Changsha and Kweilin, if the Communists push on.

Premier Sun Fo is having difficulty snaring men to form his "war cabinet." His appointment was the final blow to many of the government's well-wishers who had believed Chiang might choose young men who would carry out a vigorous resistance as well as reforms that could rally the people. Sun Fo, a son of Sun Yat-sen, was once regarded as a liberal, but his recent conservative political attitude and his alleged preoccupation with personal business manipulations have now put him in a class with War Minister Ho Ying-chin, Kuomintang big-shot Chen Li-fu and other old-liners.

For a few days the Defense Ministry officials were jubilant over what was called "our victory south of Suchow." But foreign observers poured cold water on the optimism. They figured that what the Nationalists called a "Communist retreat" before Pengpu, 110 miles up the Pukow-Tientsin railroad from Nanking, was in effect a strategic withdrawal designed to encircle three Nationalist army groups trying to fight their way south from the Suchow area.

When I reached Pengpu after a cold, miserable, 15-hour boxcar trip in a troop train, I noticed no cause for Nationalist cheers. Pudgy Liu Chih, the general commanding the sector, repeated in typically unrealistic Nationalist tenor that "it is impossible" for the Communists to cross the Huai River (which flows in the former bed of the Yellow River) and to burst south to Nanking.

I saw nine trainloads of Nationalist troops with horses, ammunition and rice, ready to withdraw. A government spokesman later admitted that these were being "retired in favor of stronger troops being flown here from Hankow." At Pengpu, I also found outspoken defeatism rampant among the troops.

Typical was a conversation between two soldiers. One said, "Fighting against the Japanese, we were defending our country and had nothing to lose, but now we are fighting other Chinese and losing everything." The other soldier said, "I hope I am captured."

Any breathing spell Nanking may get will result from the Communists having run themselves breathless. Communist General Chen Yi's columns have been maneuvering and fighting for four and a half weeks, a long stretch for any army.

Here in Nanking, the *lao pai hsing* —the common people—have no hopes other than that Chiang will pull out before the city is shelled from across the Yangtze, and that the Communists will arrive quickly enough to prevent riots and looting.

WALTER L. BRIGGS

ADA IN THE NEXT TWO YEARS

Having gained its spurs in the last election, the National Board of Americans for Democratic Action settled down at its meeting in New York City to the problem of consolidating liberal gains and drafting a political-action program for the next two years.

The ADA board could now speak with some authority for the country's liberals and independents. It had re-

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trieved a bad fumble at the Democratic National Convention on the matter of the presidential nomination with a historic victory on the inclusion of a strong civil-rights plank in the Democratic platform. Two Senators-elect, Humphrey of Minnesota and Douglas of Illinois, were active leaders in the ADA. More than thirty newly elected representatives were ADA members. These included such liberal stalwarts as Biemiller of Wisconsin, Bolling of Missouri and Howell of New Jersey. In addition, at least two Governors elected in November were identified with the ADA. On its board sat representatives of the CIO's PAC and the AFL's League for Political Education.

The first action of the board was to call on the Democratic leadership to exclude the Dixiecrats from the party caucus and to appoint liberals to committee vacancies in both houses. The board centered its fire on Eugene Cox, Georgia Dixiecrat and a ranking member of the House Rules Committee. It urged simultaneously that this committee be shorn of its life-and-death powers over legislation and suggested Senate agreement on a plan to end filibusters.

The ADA plans to work in close liaison with a strong liberal bloc which is in the process of organization on the Hill, making available to this bloc the services of New Dealers in its ranks who staffed the New Deal agencies, wrote Administration speeches and sparked the legislative campaigns.

The problem of converting a ballot-box victory into liberal legislation and good appointments was the substance of the first day's discussions. The second day's sessions were devoted chiefly to reviewing the ADA's status as a political-action organization. The ADA plans to continue its organizational and political independence of the Democratic Party so that it will be free to oppose party policies and candidates if they seem injurious to the liberal cause. At the same time it recognized at this meeting that coöperation with the Democratic Party offers the best chance nationally to achieve the program it espouses.

With respect to local political action it was felt that no single formula would fit the diverse situations that exist around the country. In Minnesota the ADA is the dominant group in the state Democratic organization; in New York the ADA membership is active in both the Democratic and the Liberal Party; in Illinois the ADA affiliate wishes to be in a position to wage fights in the primaries of both major political parties if necessary. ADA members, therefore, will be encouraged to participate in the local party organization that seems to offer the best prospects for advancing liberal purposes. It was generally acknowledged that in the vast majority of cases this would mean the Democratic Party. Chapters will uniformly stress the importance of membership participation in precinct work and primaries.

The board adjourned its sessions content in the knowledge that it now had become sufficiently important for Westbrook Pegler to write columns telling President Truman that he owes nothing to the ADA for his victory.

LABOR'S FOURTH ROUND

Organized labor is taking advantage of the current hearings before a subcommittee of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress to begin selling to the public its case for a fourth round of wage increases. The task of Senator Ralph Flanders (R, Vt.) and his colleagues is to decide whether profits are "too high or too low," and whether wage increases are a "possibility or desirability." Industry witnesses were on the defensive, resorting to technicalities to try to explain why profits this year have reached an all-time high —estimated at $34 billion before, and $20 billion after, taxes.

Labor spokesmen made the point that the high profits threatened general economic stability. CIO Research Director Stanley Ruttenberg and the AFL's Nelson Cruikshank argued that higher living costs have eaten up the third round of wage increases. They cited the Labor Department consumer price index as showing, since 1945, an increase of more than 37 percent as against a weekly wage boost of "a little over 13 percent." Both the CIO and the AFL again expressed willingness to forgo further raises if industry would stop further price increases and reduce inordinately high prices.

Ruttenberg stressed the disproportionate share of the nation's income going to corporate profits. "Corporations," he asserted, "are raising prices with concern almost wholly with what the market will bear. Industry figures that some day production will have to be curtailed, and on that day it still wants to make a profit. . . . The resultant profits derived from prices established on this basis create distortion between demand and supply, which inevitably leads to imbalances that bring on economic reversals."

These warning words are probably a preview of the CIO's new set of arguments to justify raises in 1949. If President Truman is successful in obtaining standby price-control legislation from the new Congress, and if by some unexpected means the cost of living is brought down between now and next summer, the CIO, following this line, will still have a basis for insisting on further increases in wages. In all probability, the emphasis in the spring and summer wage negotiations will be on industry's ability to pay, rather than on the ever widening gap between labor's income and living expenses.

Philip Murray's United Steel Workers are again expected to set the pattern for the fourth round. In the event of a business slump between now and late April or May, their wage demands might be smaller than now indicated, but even then the demand for pensions, health insurance and a welfare fund will be insistent.

HERMAN IS OUT OF DATE

ATLANTA (NR correspondent)

Governor Herman Talmadge may be only 35 years old, but he doesn't seem to be in step with the other young people of his state. The annual Youth Legislature, sponsored by the YMCA, recently held its customary mock session of the Georgia General

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Assembly and invited Talmadge to talk. The Governor devoted his time almost entirely to a defense of the state's county-unit system, the machinery which gives rural counties as much voice in elections as urban counties, many of which happen to have 50 times more population.

"There are a few selfish politicians in Georgia who have tried unsuccessfully to destroy our county-unit system," Talmadge said. "Practically everyone realizes that the county-unit system is the great bulwark which protects the political integrity of our less densely populated counties."

That is not the way the young members of the Youth Assembly looked at it. Later that same afternoon an overwhelming vote of its 400 members from every county urged repeal of the county-unit system.

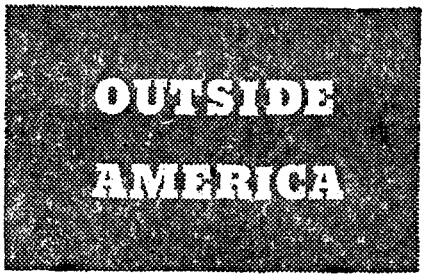
WARNING FROM BRIDGES

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

If the national CIO ever tries to effect the kind of merger among maritime workers that it has ordered for farm-equipment and auto workers, trouble will ensue. The ILWU and Harry Bridges had something like that in mind at their regular quarterly meeting this month. First they urged the national CIO to take steps toward forming one maritime union, stating the belief that "one union, firm in its resolve," would have won justice for all maritime workers without the 1948 strikes. But the board criticized the national CIO's action at its Portland convention in ordering farm-equipment workers to merge with the auto workers, calling it an "apparent attempt to invade and destroy" the autonomy of unions which do not take political decisions from the top.

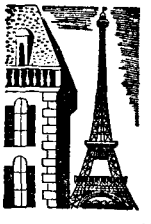
The ILWU, a Left union which supported Wallace, insists that political decisions must be voted by the rank and file and that disagreements with national policy are not actions of disloyalty. The ILWU's statement was a vigorous denunciation of the way the Portland convention was run.

As for the Marshall Plan, the ILWU is still against it.



The Parisians were beset by painful realities—hunger in the workers' faubourgs, weakness in the Palais Bourbon, return of the Germans to the Ruhr; they stayed away from the Palais de Chaillot, where the General Assembly of the United Nations was wrestling with ideals.

But from afar the world watched and listened hopefully. It was a talky show —some 17 million words. It had a long run—83 days. One of its last acts was a Palestine compromise settlement



that compromised everyone and settled nothing. And when it was over, a bitter Parisian wit said it should have been billed "The Wise Men of Chaillot" (a mocking parody of "The Mad Woman of Chaillot," a French play soon to open on Broadway).

Still, the world knew that it was better that the Assembly should have met and tried. The cynics were unfair in seeing only the failures. After all, as Australia's Herbert V. Evatt pointed out, the UN is a residuary legatee with more liabilities than assets—a condition described in Roman law as *damnosa hereditas*. The Assembly had successes, too, important ones in view of the tragic limitations imposed by the West-East conflict.

In Evatt's words, there were three "practical, positive, progressive, noteworthy and beneficial" achievements that may long outlast the failures. First, the Assembly adopted a Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This document (to which Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt gave work little short of heroic) assures the "right to life, liberty and security of person" regardless of "race, color, sex, language, political or other opinion." Second, the Assembly unanimously approved a convention outlawing genocide—any atttempt "to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethical, racial or religious group." Third, the Assembly reaffirmed the UN appeal for helping the world's underprivileged children.

Despite skeptics, the UN has these three to be proud of. If there is shame, it will be that of peoples and nations who fail to transform great words of idealism into real deeds.

★

The Hungarians have feared the Russians for generations. In the old Czarist days, the anxiety was that the Russians would, if they could, lump them together with the little Slavs, treat them no differently from the Rumanians, Yugoslavs and Bulgarians. In the new Soviet days, the worry was that the Russians would force communism on them, repeating the excesses of Bela Kun's regime.

After the Soviets had gained a power the Czars had never had, the Hungarians had a respite from fear. It was true that the big estates were broken up and given to the peasants, but this wasn't the dreaded "real" communism. It was true that Communists held power, though outvoted by the Small Holders Party, yet this too wasn't a "real" totalitarian system. And the new Russians seemed different from the old, fearsome ones because they recognized that Hungary was different from a "real" Balkan country.

But those Hungarians—men like Bela Kovacs—who took the differences literally, learned their error; they were removed from circulation. And recently all the Hungarians have seen running out the borrowed time of illusion on which they had been living.

Land reform is to go into reverse: Matyas Rakosi, who speaks for the Kremlin, told the peasants they would have to learn to like the *kolkhoz*—the collective farm. Industry, still only "administered" by the state, is to be confiscated outright: Dr. Simon Papp, who had interpreted the differences

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as permitting him to keep his job with a US oil company, was condemned to death. The Iron Curtain is to be clamped tight: Homer Bigart of the New York *Herald Tribune* was expelled from the country. The Small Holders are to become an obediently satellite party: Premier Lajos Dinnyes and five other members of the cabinet have been forced out.

Old Russia, new Russia—now the Hungarians know the "difference." Tactics change, timing changes, but the Russians will always regard Hungary as simply another piece in whatever kind of Balkan pattern Moscow chooses to design.

★

In north Germany, the torpedo-testing ranges at Eckernförde have been famous for generations. Or perhaps the right word is infamous, since the ranges were used in the "frightfulness" submarine campaigns of the two World Wars and in the development of a number of new death-dealing weapons.

The British, who occupy Eckernförde, don't have particularly sentimental memories of the submarine campaigns. They made plans to destroy the ranges. On the basis of their first step—they blew up a sea wall—they realized that it would take at least three months to finish the job. The first step had another effect too: Germans in various parts of the region staged demonstrations against the vandalism of these *Auslanders*. They said the British project would destroy "needed buildings."

Needed? We wonder what for. We also wonder how long it will take to get Germans to consider torpedo-testing ranges infamous rather than famous.

★

For European liberals the Marshall Plan was at the start a symbol of hope such as war-weary men and women had not known for nearly a decade. But now the Marshall Plan's legatee, ECA, conjures up old fantasies of fear. That fear is expressed in a question mark: "A German-American Europe?" London's *New Statesman and Nation* asks.

Germany [says the weekly] has become the key and favored region of the Marshall planners, and the saving of German capitalism an object of their closest solicitude. . . . There can be no valid objection to full-scale German recovery once the Allies can be sure that this recovery will not again become exploited by reactionary pressures into another outbreak of militant nationalism. . . . But it is precisely this condition that Mr. Hoffman and his "Germany Firsters" in America seem determined to ignore. In Western Germany today, as things stand, the essentials of the old regime which provoked two world wars have survived a second defeat without permanent or even serious disability. . . .

What is more to be feared is the development of some form of German-American financial condominium over the Western Continent. . . . German monopolists are by no means averse to partitioning the economic mastery of Western Europe with US investors. . . . What we are now faced with is not the construction of a new and lively organization of international democracy in Europe—dynamic, self-confident, conscious of its mission—but a new kind of investment corporation in which the holding company is American and the managing director German, while the labor employed is expected to be strictly "non-political," and the customers, French and British and Dutch and the rest, must take what they are given.

From all this, the magazine deduces the need for a British attitude that would be a species of "reverse-English" on Governor Dewey's pushing and prodding of Europeans toward democracy: "Perhaps at no time since it took office has the British Government possessed a more promising chance—or become placed under a greater need—of pushing American policies in a progressive direction."

During the last week ECA's Paul Hoffman and Thomas K. Finletter met in London with British and French officials on problems of German policy. But it's an open secret that the US decisions will be based on the forthcoming report of the Humphrey committee, a group that includes the presidents of General Motors, Westinghouse Electric, International Harvester and Cincinnati Milling Machine. Perhaps US liberal public opinion had better do some pushing too.

★

Charles de Gaulle thinks even less of Dwight D. Eisenhower as a historian than Eisenhower does of Bernard Law Montgomery as a soldier. "Each to his own truth," he says of the American's notation (in a French version of *Crusade in Europe*) that he asked for two US divisions after the entry into Paris in August, 1944.

The Gaullist "fact" is, says the offspring of Joan of Arc and Georges Clemenceau by self-induced miscegenation, that "the authority of the provisional government of the republic was recognized in my person in Paris by unanimous and indescribable enthusiasm."

Let's skip the overtones of Louis XIV's *"L'état, c'est moi,"* the Hitlerian Nüremberg Rally "sovereignty by cheers," and get on to the rest of de Gaulle's statement: "The march through the capital a few days later of two American divisions had nothing to do, among Frenchmen, with the reëstablishment of the national sovereignty."

A lot of Americans who in common with Eisenhower and under his orders made history outside the covers of books will make what is known in some polite quarters as rude noises.

But this isn't the end of de Gaulle's "correction." He *did* ask Eisenhower, he goes on, for food and arms. "Wilson and Pershing," he adds, "made similar requests to Clemenceau and Foch in 1917 when the American armies lacked cannon, tanks and airplanes."

The falsity of the analogy is worse than a lie. To make such a parallel between 1917 and 1944 is to create a grotesque distortion of fact from which only more distortion can stem. Americans won't believe that Ike either lied or erred. Mighty few of them will still believe, after this new proof of de-Gaulle's megalomaniacal self-deception, that the Frenchman has the making of a statesman. P. W.

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TRUMAN'S TASK IN EUROPE

European liberals believe the Chief Executive has a good chance to break through the fears, doubts and hatreds

by Harold J. Laski

LONDON

I HAVE MET only one person since the party conventions last summer who was confident of a Truman victory. Wherever I have been since then, in France and Belgium, in Scandinavia and in Italy, everyone I have seen, with that one exception, was so confident that it was "in the bag" for Dewey that they were unwilling, most of all if they were Americans, to waste time discussing the elections. The exception was a young Englishwoman, a graduate student of history in the University of London. Nothing could shake her assurance that Truman would win. To every argument against her view, she always made the same reply: "The things are stirring among the American people that beat Mr. Churchill in 1945." On the eve of polling day, amid the jeers of her fellow students, she insisted that in a modern democracy the people want more than platitudes and self-confidence. She told them all that they underestimated the training in political judgment twelve years of Franklin Roosevelt had given ordinary Americans. Perhaps, in the long run, history will come to regard that training as his greatest achievement.

The evidence is clear, over most of Western Europe, that all progressive opinion is immensely relieved at Dewey's defeat. There is relief because it suggests that the old and painful supposition that the pendulum always swings to the party which has been long out of power has had a serious blow. There is relief because faith in the pollsters has been seriously shaken. It was clear that they might easily develop into a kind of plebiscitary system, and thereby threaten the foundations of representative democracy; now we may at least hope that politicians will not lose their nerve every time they are told that the poll of public opinion shows that five percent more voters oppose nationalization than favor it, or that fifteen percent more dislike attempts to "appease" Russia—both of them obviously loaded questions which do not admit of a simple "yes" or "no."

There is relief again, because it is clear that not all the mass agencies of propaganda can drive the people like a flock of sheep. That was, indeed, made clear not only by President Roosevelt's four victories, but also by the defeat of Churchill in 1945. But there are still many who thought each of those instances subject to special explanations. Now it is clear that in an election where no candidate had a magic personality, and where the problems were of the kind that will confront the American people for a very long time to come, the American voters, amid all the clamor and the confidence, knew just what they wanted to do, and did it with a directness about which there can be no mistake.

I have found few people who regret that Wallace did badly. That feeling has two main causes. First of all, while it is accepted that Wallace is in no sense a fellow traveler, it is felt that he was in an important way the Communists' dependent, and that had he won the three to five million votes which were at one time predicted for him, he might well have been able to found a third party which would have hindered, not helped, the political realignment so needed in the United States. Had he, moreover, proved a formidable candidate, he would have given strength to all the forces in Russia which hinder a common move to sensible understanding.

The assumption of the Kremlin, first, that Dewey would win easily, and, second, that Wallace would poll a large vote, especially among the workers, may perhaps begin to seem largely built on poor information inadequately interpreted, for the Kremlin made the same mistake, for the same reasons, about the British general election in 1945, and the heavy Communist losses in the recent elections to the Upper Chamber in France should at least have aroused in the Comintern the suspicion that, objectively, the real outcome of their policy is to strengthen de Gaulle, as, earlier, they helped Hitler to power.

The forces of the Left in Western Europe have been congratulating themselves on the decisive part played by American labor in the election. A Frenchman with great influence in the French Socialist Party told me that many of his friends are convinced the real weakness of the French movement is that its trade unions remained steadfastly non-political until they fell so largely under the domination of the Communist Party. He hoped, if they were vouchsafed the good fortune of a period of stability, they might try to convince the trade unions that their members must become politically active in the Socialist Party in order to give it both the breadth and the momentum it so badly requires.

In Britain, labor's part in the US election has reinforced the conviction that the triangle of individual member, trade unionist and coöperator is the source of the mass strength of the party. We are, of course, anxious that the Americans, having in five elections stood firmly on the progressive side, begin to think of the next step, and realize that what is wanted is not merely support for the Democratic Party, on issues where it is sympathetic to labor, but that it should go right into the electoral arena, and, directly, through its own candidates, make its influence felt on every level of American political structure. Nothing so hinders the growth of the labor movement in maturity as its continued residence in the outworn mansion of Samuel Gompers, since that residence may quickly promote exactly the kind of inertia which, in the absence of a

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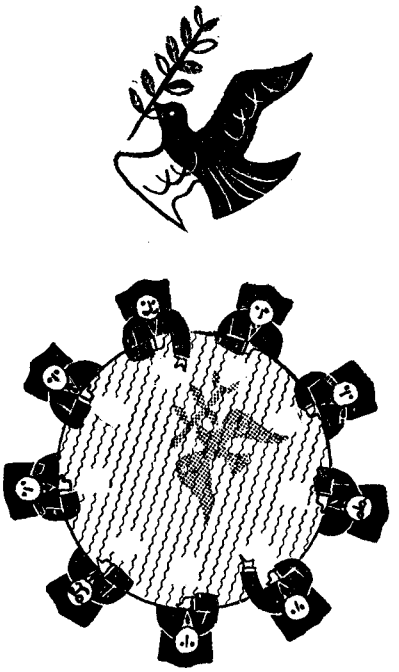
vital issue such as the Taft-Hartley Act, may easily result in the worker's not bothering to vote at all.

Everyone I know thinks that Truman fought a remarkable campaign, single-handed. We all think it was a very great victory. We are not convinced that Truman will be a great President, even though he owes no political debts and can stand on his own feet. But we do think he may have acquired a new self-confidence. He need no longer stand in abject humility before Secretary Marshall; he need not suspect that the State Department invariably knows better than he. He need not trot meekly behind the inexhaustible demands of Forrestal. He is free from the duty to look upon the advice of Senator Vandenberg as the voice of Allah, and that of John Foster Dulles as that of Allah's prophet. With his solid majority in both Houses, and with the Senate under the skillful leadership of his experienced Vice President, Senator Barkley, we feel that he can act down to the roots of the "bipartisan" policy he has had to accept pretty meekly since 1945.

We hope, since the life of Western Europe depends on it, that he will keep Congress firmly behind the European Recovery Program, and that he will omit that special brand of folly which Harold Stassen displayed when he suggested that we in this country should be forbidden to attempt the nationalization of the steel industry. We are anxious that he should regard ERP as an economic aid to recovery, not as a strategic preparation for war. We hope deeply that he will reconsider the program of help to reactionary Greece and to the corrupt China of Chiang Kai-shek, since in both those places he is merely aiding two sets of unspeakable individuals to safeguard themselves against the overwhelmingly legitimate grievances of the common people.

We hope Truman will serve notice on France that any attack on the Fourth Republic will meet with American hostility and that he will make it clear to the British government that its revengeful meanness in



JEROME SNYDER

Palestine does not become transformed into magnanimity merely because Secretary Bevin chooses to prolong it to the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour. He ought to recognize that the unseemly haste with which Marshall sought to accept the Bernadotte plan was more a part of the anti-Israel exercises of the State Department than of a desire to carry out the openly expressed wishes of the President himself.

The center, of course, of all Truman's efforts will rest upon his attitude to Soviet Russia. Here, he is going to be told that any step, such as his recent proposal to send Chief Justice Vinson to Moscow, is bound to be regarded as "appeasement." I hope the President will not be deceived by such speciousness. To get Russia discussing whether there is room for peace is to take the vital initiative into his own hands. None of his Secretaries has been able to do it; nor has the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain. To make Russia, at the highest level, answer—or even evade—half a dozen precise but vital questions is to tell the world where the men of Moscow really stand. They should be made, even if it is a slow and exacting process, to define their aims. It is not necessary to "appease." There is no need for Truman to surrender a gun or a plane or an aircraft carrier. He has only, as was his own instinct, to get right outside the formal categories in which technical diplomacy has got bogged down, and put directly the half-dozen questions to which the world wants an answer.

I hope he will put them himself in Moscow. He would go there with immense authority. If he cannot go, I hope he will ask General Eisenhower, since Franklin Roosevelt the most respected of Americans, to go in his stead. I hope he will not listen to all the nonsense about form and precedent and ceremonial in the name of which Marshall has been led to rebuke him for the Vinson effort. His business is not, like that of his Forrestals and their satellites, to make Russia climb down; his business is to find out whether there is any reality behind Russia's endless protestations of peace.

Bevin and his stately emissary, Sir Alexander Cadogan, seem incapable of finding the answer. The ambassadors of the Four Powers have found no answer. The discussion—supposing it to have been wise—has merely produced, at the Security Council, angry invective from Bevin and Spaak, raucous invective from Vishinsky and McNeil, and elegant invective from Sir Hartley Shawcross. None of them has really thought to explore the minds of the Russians; and the Russians have started from the foolish assumption that the whole world was crazy to hear their indictment of the ancient capitalist imperialism. It has been the same with Greece, the same with Germany, the same with the atomic bomb and rearmament. The truth is that all these distinguished men now begin merely to play a role they have played a score of times before; and, each time, they report back that there is no prospect of progress. And there flits about each side its horde of dependent satellites, hoping, like Poland or China, like Argentina or the Ukraine, to win its due meed of praise for its fidelity. But the problem, on this basis, advances no farther.

President Truman, we think, has the chance to make a new start. To

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most of the Left it seems urgent that he should make a new start. Most of us think that the dreary struggle for prestige is an outrage on the common people of the world. Russia, no doubt, is obstinate, brutal, foolish, secretive. Russian political leaders act with an irresponsibility that is often somewhere between the criminal and the contemptible. But we all know that the last thing the Russians want is war.

No affirmation could be more forthright than that of our own leaders in the West that they also do not want war. But, to the careful observer, there is too much protestation of the kind that bored Hamlet's mother. The Scandinavians cannot go on like helpless victims of a policy in the shaping of which they have no say. The French cannot watch themselves drift to civil war to give the Pentagon and the Kremlin the chance to hurl insults at each other. We in Great Britain really cannot risk the failure of all our plans for recovery in order to spend on rearmament what we ought to spend on houses, and schools, and modernized equipment in factories.

It is literally startling to see how swiftly the rebirth of the Fascist spirit in Italy and the Nazi spirit in Germany has taken place; and it is still more startling to see how careful are the State Department in Washington and the Foreign Office in London about that rebirth. It is astonishing how excited they can get about a treason trial in Bulgaria and regret their inability to interfere in the affairs of a sovereign state when the treason trial takes place in Athens. I do not know whether President Truman has ever been consulted about the long list of important American visitors, official and unofficial, to Spain; but I wish that someone with real influence upon him would tell him quite frankly of the ugly impression they produce wherever a sense of decency remains or grows in Europe.

The simplest way, perhaps, to put what I am trying to say is to repeat the phrase of a friend of mine, a great French historian and a close observer of the contemporary scene. "This is the first time," he remarked, "that genuine progressives have set out to organize the counter-revolution." That is the real perspective in which we see Truman's problem. The Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, the folly of the Foreign Office and the curvilinear dishonesties of the State Department in Palestine, the decision to rebuild the Ruhr as a new model of its ancient evils, the acceptance of a brutal and corrupt China as a policy of the lesser evil, the reduction of Japan to colonial status, with a half-acknowledged partnership between American business and the old Japanese trusts, now dressed up as exhibits of "Christian democracy"—all these add up to the Left doing far too much of what the Right did after the First World War.

What worries progressive Europeans is not knowing whether Truman understands this situation, whether he is aware that it gives complete satisfaction to his Forrestals, Dulleses and Vandenbergs, even, alas, to his honest but fatigued Secretary Marshall. Does he realize, will he realize in time, that it just does not make sense to try to improvise a Western Union, in any of its multifarious forms, overnight, and that once, in a military sense, it is in a position to strike hard, all the forces of reaction will press him and take the lead in a war to free Europe from the menace of Russia? Has he ever asked George F. Kennan and his like how, when they have beaten Russia, they will make a peace, and for whom that peace will be made?

If I may use a shorthand phrase, there is a widespread political existentialism in Europe which paralyzes action. Not merely does European statesmanship applaud Marshall for dissuading the President from going on with the Vinson mission, but Attlee informs Evatt and Lie that he prefers the well-tested methods of diplomacy to any attempt outside them to break the jam in the icy waters of West-East relations. I do not doubt that Truman beat Dewey for very many reasons. Partly, Dewey was Dewey. Partly, the record of the Republican Congress was outrageous. A Republican victory threatened labor, the farmers, the people in the lower income brackets, the people who are suffering from high prices, the people who so badly need low-cost housing, and so on.

But, among all these, and beyond them, we in Europe seem to descry many millions who thought, and think, that we did not fight the Second World War as a preparation for the Third. We can make a catalogue of Russia's sins as long, and as painful, as could be drawn up by the professional haters on Park Avenue, who have never stopped hating since the October Revolution. We know that the Communist fifth columns are a nuisance in America, and a menace in France and Italy. We think that Russia can be cruel and secretive, arrogant and obscurantist. But we want Europe to live. We think it has a civilization worth preserving. We do not believe that our freedom can be achieved by making our territories an arena in which stern-faced men, whether from the Kremlin or from the Pentagon, try out their new weapons of mass destruction. We are not ashamed to admit that we are afraid. We are not ashamed to insist that we have a grim reason to be afraid.

We welcome the election of Truman because it brings him into office free of the obligation to make genuflections before the politicians, and the experts, civil and military, naval and air alike, as well as the columnists who preach as loftily as Arthur Krock and Walter Lippmann, or with the shrill vulgarity of Westbrook Pegler and Walter Winchell. We respectfully suggest to President Truman that all the specialists have failed, and that he has been given authority, unfettered by the classic obligations of the normal candidate who has won the presidency, to try to break through the red tape, the suspicions, the fears, the protocol, the doubts, the hatreds—above all, to break through the fears. At least to try will cost less than rearmament, and much less than a war. It may be attacked as proof of weakness. It may be portrayed as another Chamberlain on his way to another

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Munich. Churchill will not like it, nor will Bevin; and it will disturb people like Chiang Kai-shek and that democratic product of free elections, Tsaldaris.

It may not even succeed, for it is an effort that, at every stage, must be built upon the insistence that no peace is worth having which fails to give the Four Freedoms to all peoples, everywhere. There was not much chance of saving Sacco and Vanzetti; but the credit of America was involved in the effort to save them. Britain seemed lost in the summer of 1940; but no one in these Islands ever dreamed that surrender was thinkable. There must have been black hours at General Washington's headquarters when, in October, 1776, he told the Congress bluntly that its army was "upon the eve of its political dissolution." Yet he was sustained by the faith that "under the full persuasion of the justice of our Cause, I cannot . . . entertain an idea that it will finally sink, though it may remain for some time under a cloud."

We are very frank with Truman. We do not think him a great President like his predecessor. We know how strong are the forces that will seek to persuade him not to interfere. They will tell him that he should not risk "losing face." They will tell him that it is useless to pacify what is merely the old tyranny in a new guise. They will urge him to realize the immense price of failure. I hope he will pay no heed to those who, having failed themselves, now seek to make the world move speedily to the abyss to cover up their failure. I hope he will not be afraid to insist that it was the obstinacy and the courage and the endurance of ordinary folk all over the world that won the last war. Those ordinary folk have given him a mandate to try the application of their qualities to win the peace that can be made. For more than three years we have had routine and timidity. If President Truman experiments with innovation and courage, he may still save Europe. It is not merely selfishness that makes us feel that upon the salvation of Europe a large part of the American future depends.

BLACK SKIN & WHITE MARBLE

While the nation's capital preaches democracy to the world, it practises something very different on its own doorstep

by Bruce Bliven

IT WAS a cold winter morning in 1945, when a young matron, about to have a baby, applied for admission to a hospital in Washington, D. C. Though there were plenty of vacant beds inside, the (church-supported) hospital refused her admission, and she had her baby on the sidewalk before its door. The medical authorities very kindly furnished a sheet to cover the mother and the newborn infant as they lay on the cement, until arrangements could be made to take them away. The mother was a Negro; and the baby who had had the temerity to be born into a white man's world was, God help him, a Negro too.

That story is one of many told in a report on "Segregation in Washington," written by Kenesaw M. Landis and based on elaborate research in the District of Columbia by the National Committee on Segregation in the Nation's Capital. The committee, which met in Washington last week, includes a lot of well-known names—Eleanor Roosevelt, Raymond Swing, Bishop Oxnam, Walter White, Clarence Pickett, Philip Murray, Melvyn Douglas, Senator-elect Hubert Humphrey, Marshall Field, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Helen Hayes, Charles P. Taft, Ordway Tead, Walter Reuther, James G. Patton, Howard W. Odum, Isador Lubin, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Edwin R. Embree, Will Alexander, Roger Baldwin and James Carey are a few of them. It is worried about discrimination, of course, at all times and everywhere; but its members are particularly exercised, and with good reason, because of discrimination today in Washington.

We are now engaged in a frenzied campaign throughout the world, trying to sell our brand of democracy as being the best, if not the only, kind there is. Yet, almost literally in the shadow of the Capitol dome, we practise the grossest injustice on the sole basis of the color of a man's skin. We give away propaganda advantages which cannot be offset, in the eyes of hundreds of millions of the colored races who are quietly watching us all over the earth, by the expenditure of any amount of money to explain the purity of our hearts and our passion for justice.

Some of the aspects of discrimination, as they were reported in last week's meeting, would be funny if they were not so disgraceful. There are nations in the world, even important nations, believe it or not, most or all of whose inhabitants have dark skins. Some of these countries maintain diplomatic relations with the United States of America and send plenipotentiaries to the shores of the Potomac. Washington hotels, restaurants and theatres, which uphold the color line rigidly against our own citizens, are forced to bend the rules a little in the case of these foreigners. The problem becomes one of proving you are not a citizen and are therefore entitled to some consideration.

An American Negro, with unusual courage, once took advantage of this fact; he put a turban on his head, walked into one of the leading hotels, and promptly and without trouble got a room. On another occasion a group

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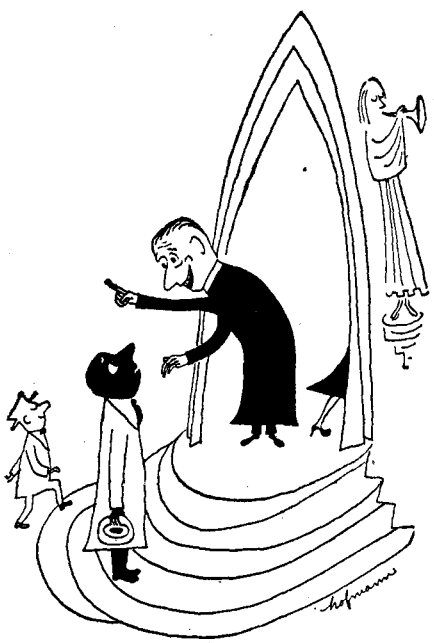
which contained some genuine foreigners, but did not want to argue about it, managed to get into a movie theatre by talking Spanish loudly as they approached the box office.

But for every such account, there are a hundred on the other side of the ledger.

The Foreign Minister of an African country arrived in Washington late at night, in the middle of the recent war —in which America badly needed his nation's help. When he tried to pick up the hotel reservation which had been made for him by our State Department, the hotel said No. A high official of the SD had to be waked up to plead with the hotel on the telephone to get this distinguished visitor a bed.

An outstanding educator from Bolivia entered a restaurant to get something to eat. He was refused service in



terms calculated to make him an enemy of this country for the rest of his life.

A member of the Senate of Puerto Rico, arriving in Washington unexpectedly, was refused a room anywhere and spent the night on a couch in the office of the Puerto Rican Commissioner.

Four Negro students from the British West Indies seated themselves at a lunch counter and were told that, as Negroes, they would have to eat standing up. When they proved by passports that they were foreigners, they were permitted to sit down again.

A Hindu and his wife stopped for a cup of tea at the soda fountain in a five-and-ten-cent store. They could not get service until they proved to the satisfaction of the waitress that they had not been born in the land of the free.

An extremely distinguished American Negro, who happens to be a blue-eyed blond, stayed at a Washington hotel at intervals, for years. Then one day the manager refused him a room. It turned out that his picture and a biographical note had been printed in a magazine which the manager had happened to read.

A Negro Catholic from Panama, entering a Catholic Church in the District to pray, was approached by a priest who handed him a slip of paper with the address of a Negro Catholic Church.

Fifty-one New York school children won prizes in a safety contest and were awarded trips to Washington. Since four of them were Negroes, no hotel could be found that would entertain the party, and the visit of all 51 was canceled.

Everyone remembers the incident wherein the Daughters of the American Revolution refused to let Marian Anderson sing in Constitution Hall. There are some theatres and meeting places in Washington where Negroes can appear on the stage, but not in the auditorium, while in others the reverse is true. Washington's only showhouse for stage plays, the National Theatre, is now being converted to a movie house because the management had refused to permit Negroes to sit in the audience on an equality with white people, and the theatre had been boycotted by Actors' Equity.

Discrimination in regard to food, lodging and entertainment is bad enough; but a hundred times worse is the anti-Negro attitude which forbids members of that race a decent job, a decent house, or equality of opportunity in education. In all these things, Washington stands guilty, and the National Committee on Segregation can prove it.

Said Agnes E. Meyer, nationally known journalist and wife of the owner of the Washington *Post,* writing in that paper:

"Not in the Negro slums of Detroit, not even in the Southern cities, have I seen human beings subjected to such unalleviated wretchedness as in the alleys of our own city of Washington." Mrs. Meyer found—and these conditions are typical, not exceptional—14 people living in one room. A small house was occupied by 23 people.

Homes owned by Negroes are eleven times less likely to have running water than those of whites. They are ten times less likely to have central heating, four times as lacking in indoor toilets, eight times as deficient in electric lights, nine times more likely to need major repairs. Thirty percent of the inhabitants of Washington are Negroes, but they occupy 70 percent of the slums. It is perhaps not surprising that they have 69 percent of the deaths from tuberculosis (though the notion that they are peculiarly susceptible to this disease is mere white voodoo).

Their life expectancy is ten years less than that of white people. A Negro baby has half the chance of survival that a white baby has, and a Negro mother is six times more likely to die in or after childbirth. Washington hospitals have hardly any space for Negroes, and no Negro may occupy a private room. Members of the colored race habitually go to Philadelphia or New York for hospital treatment. Negro doctors are prohibited from joining the District Medical Society, and cannot care for their own patients if these patients (mostly Negroes, of course) have been lucky enough to find a bed in a hospital ward.

Do Negroes live in slums because they have a natural attraction for them? The National Association of Real Estate Boards says not. After a nation-wide survey, it reports, on the contrary, that when a Negro buys a house, he fulfills his obligation "better than whites of the same economic status." When he rents, he "takes . . . better care than other tenants of his economic

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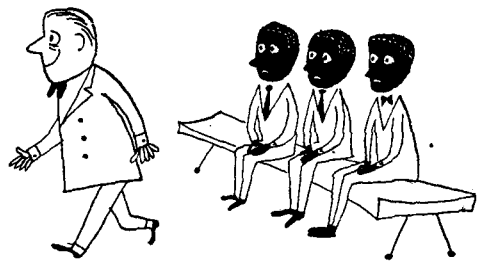


DRAWINGS BY VIRGINIA HOFMANN

group." Negroes live in slums for two reasons: First, they are underpaid and cannot afford to live elsewhere, second, through restrictive covenants and other devices, white men keep them penned up in ghettoes, just as Hitler penned up the Jews in Germany.

A Supreme Court decision a few months ago ruled against restrictive covenants as such; but this ruling is easily evaded. For one thing, a restrictive covenant is operative unless and until it is questioned in a court action; few of those injured by it are likely to go to law about it. Moreover, few Negroes can build houses without borrowing from the banks, which stand solidly with the Washington real-estate interests against invasion of white districts. In one Washington area after another, during and since the war, Negroes have been dispossessed to make way for housing projects for whites. (A climax of some sort is to be found in the dog cemetery which will not give burial to a "Negro" dog!)

As for employment, nobody needs to prove that Negroes are universally given the meanest jobs, paid less than white men, are last to be hired and first to be fired. In Washington, they are one-quarter of all the workers, but are three-quarters of domestic servants and the unskilled. They have only six percent of the jobs at the professional and managerial level. They are excluded, completely or nearly, from work as boilermakers, motormen, telegraph operators, bookkeepers, accountants, conductors, machinists, telegraph and telephone linemen, metal workers, printing craftsmen, stenographers, typists, telephone operators, clerical workers and librarians. In government employ, a large group of Negroes was compared with the same number of white men who, as it happened, had exactly the same educational background, experience, and proficiency ratings. The white men were being promoted 600 percent faster.

Education? The amount spent for Negro schools is substantially less per pupil than is spent on white schools. Negro teachers have 12 to 30 percent more pupils to handle; Negro schools are in old buildings, with inferior facilities, and are far more overcrowded than white schools. Playgrounds are segregated; in one case, for example, there is a white playground, almost unused, across the street from a Negro school housing 1,000, with no playground facilities whatever. Supervisors are placed on playgrounds to make sure that white and Negro children do not mingle, even if they want to.

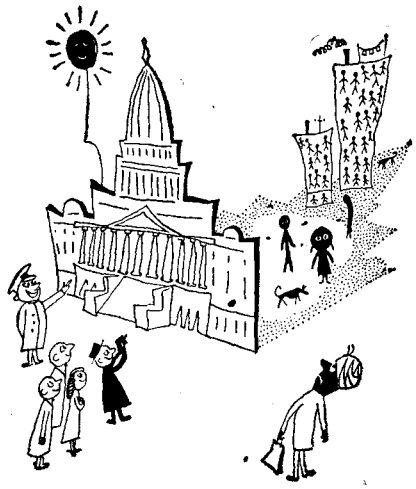
Perhaps you think the mistreatment of Negroes in Washington is part of the sorry heritage from the malodorous past, which is being bettered little by little as time goes by?

On the contrary, things were better half a century ago than they are today. As long ago as 1872, a District ordinance was passed forbidding discrimination in public places, but about the year 1900 this law mysteriously disappeared from the collected statutes. Fifty years ago it was not at all uncommon for Negroes to be served in Washington restaurants with white patrons; such an occurrence is extremely rare today.

In 1875, as most people have forgotten, Congress passed a nationwide civil-rights law, with stiff penalties, better than anything which exists today except in three or four of the most advanced states. It was declared unconstitutional by a divided Supreme Court in 1883, on the sacred ground of states' rights.

William Howard Taft was partly responsible for establishing the color line in government employment, when he personally insisted that Negro census takers must not be employed in white districts. With the first election of Woodrow Wilson, a relatively new type of Negro-hater came to Congress, such men as "Hoke" Smith of Georgia, "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman of South Carolina and James K. Vardaman of Mississippi, bringing with them the worst sort of race hostility. The late Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, of Mississippi, became chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia in 1944 (a position equivalent to Mayor, since the District is run by Congress), and remarked, "I wanted this position so I could keep Washington a segregated city." He did.

Segregation in Washington will offer a nice test of President Truman's determination to put through his civil-rights program, so magnificent on paper, so firmly upheld by him during the campaign, come hell, high water or Dixiecrats. He can much more readily influence conditions on his own doorstep than in the nation as a whole. And he had better; for in sober truth, Washington has become a symbol of the comic-tragic gap between our promise and our performance in the field of justice for all. As long as these conditions continue, the Voice of America is bound to roll across the world with a certain cracked and hollow note, the metallic timbre of hypocrisy.



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IS FRENCH LABOR COMMUNIST?

Yes and no, for into its present political role, labor brings a heritage of a half century's factional strife

by Ogier Preteceille

The reelection of President Truman was proof of the growing political awareness and power of US organized labor. But, as David K. E. Bruce, head of the ECA mission in France, recently pointed out to a New Republic *correspondent, "Many Americans don't seem to realize that organized labor is the most powerful force in Western Europe, more important than either the politicians or the capitalists."*

How does it happen that the role of Western European labor in the West-East cold war is not entirely clear; that at a time when production is the key to recovery, there are crippling strikes in France and Italy; that when democratic political forces are increasingly anti-Communist, the main bodies of organized labor in France and Italy seem to be under Communist influence?

Such questions are of vital importance to US liberals on the eve of the foreign-policy decisions that will be made by the 81st Congress. To be clear and thorough, the answers must not only explain the present situation but suggest the future on the basis of the past. To get such authoritative answers, the New Republic *called upon three outstanding journalists specializing in labor—Ogier Preteceille in France, Gino Bardi in Italy and Jack Winocour in England. Following is the first of five articles.*

PARIS

MORE THAN ANY OTHER nation in Europe, France, the continent's leading democracy, holds the key to the problem of relations between the West and East. Of course France is quintessentially of the West, a country with old and strong libertarian traditions whose Revolution helped formulate the principles of liberal, progressive democracy by which the modern world of the West lives. Yet she has relapsed recurrently into undemocratic forms of government, and today is the scene of a kind of undeclared domestic cold war involving extremes of Right and Left, as full of danger for Europe and the world as the international West-East conflict.

A remarkable aspect of the French situation is the seeming contradiction between political and economic trends: while de Gaulle and other men of the Right appear to be gaining strength politically, the General Confederation of Labor (CGT), which organizes the great majority of labor, remains strongly under the influence of the Left, indeed of the Communists. An understanding of the connection between political trends and the present labor line-up is of primary importance for American liberals if they are to appraise accurately the soundness or faultiness of US policy toward France. And no such understanding is possible without an inquiry into the origins and development of the CGT.

The General Confederation of Labor was founded 53 years ago as a result of a merger between two politically and structurally different, even rival, organizations: the Fédération Nationale des Syndicats, a nine-year-old body grouping industrial unions scattered about France's industrial centers, under the dominant leadership of Socialist Jules Guesde and his rather dogmatic Marxist friends; and the Fédération des Bourses du Travail, born only three years before, associating unions of different trades on a purely local or regional basis, around the Bourse du Travail (Labor Exchange) as a unit. Its dynamic organizer and leader was an Anarcho-Syndicalist named Fernand Pelloutier.

From this dual nature at birth stemmed the twofold structure of the CGT as it stands even today. It was a factor which played a part in recurring rifts that split the CGT ranks three times in half a century. It is also significant that the joint convention which voted the merger at Limoges, in September, 1895, was almost forced upon the respective leaders of the two rival federations by the rank and file of the member unions. Unity sprang from the bottom up and on both sides.

In 1895, nearly 50 percent of French workers were employed in light industry. A large proportion of women worked at home. Craftsmen and small enterprises were in a majority. Metal workers were only half as numerous as those employed in the ladies'-garment-industry. Among men working in small shops, using more or less primitive methods of individual production, it was easy for the Anarchists to spread their ideas. And though Guesde and the Socialists were more successful among the masses of textile workers and coal miners in the north and around Lyons in the southwest, their union methods were bureaucratic and they failed in their efforts to provide a political doctrine for the young CGT. They lost ground to the Anarcho-Syndicalist leaders: Pelloutier, Greffuelhes and their young and promising disciple, Léon Jouhaux.

The Anarchists advocated "direct" as against political action. They held that large masses of workers were too ignorant and slow-moving to be influenced; that "active minorities"

JOUHAUX

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sufficed to organize harassing action that would eventually lead to an all-paralyzing general strike, which alone could change the social order overnight. The general strike was the great romantic myth and panacea.

Drifting apart from the labor unions, French socialism increasingly became political opportunism; and the labor movement, influenced by Anarchistic trends, became hostile to all political parties. Its attitude was embodied in the oft-quoted "Charter of Independence" voted by the CGT convention at Amiens in 1906. This document confirmed the standing rule, established at the Montpellier convention in 1902, that the task of the CGT was to organize salaried workers "for the defense of their moral, material, economic and professional interests *outside of any political school.*" It also shaped an isolationist policy for the CGT and its member unions, pledging them to restrict their action to the purely economic side of unionism.

Not until the first postwar split of 1920 was healed by the merger with Communist unions at Toulouse in 1936 did labor break away from Anarchist influence and the industrial isolationism which marked the beginning of the century. The Amiens policy also raised between industrial workers in the cities and the whole peasant class of small farmers and agricultural laborers a barrier which only now is being broken under the impact of postwar economic factors.

Moreover, the Anarchistic opposition to the state as such, with its dogmatic severance of economic from political life, accounted for a good deal of misunderstanding of national problems among French unionists. This is particularly true as regards the nationalization of key industries in a regime of private capital and enterprise, a problem which became acute as a consequence of the Second World War, the German invasion, and the subsequent behavior of many leading industrialists. As the CGT stood on the eve of the First World War, it could not have played the formidable role in leading the resistance against

SAILLANT

German occupation it did 25 years later; nor helped, as it did, in drafting a practical plan for the reconstruction and recovery of France.

At the Limoges convention in 1895, 75 delegates represented some 200 unions scattered over 18 cities. By 1910, the CGT had grown to 76 national federations, grouping 3,012 unions in 143 local councils. On the eve of the First World War, in 1914, it had 840,000 members—out of a total of 7,850,000 industrial workers.

This growth had been far from painless. When state-employed postal workers in 1909 and railwaymen in 1910 went on nationwide strikes, the government ordered mass arrests, raided and closed union headquarters and sent soldiers, who shot strike pickets and demonstrators. Labor's arch enemy was Premier Aristide Briand. Though famous later as a pacifist and conciliator, he had earlier in life climbed from a glib, penniless union lawyer and "inventor" of the general-strike theory to the rank of independent Socialist minister. Then he turned against his former comrades, had the whole railwaymen's strike committee arrested, and also "invented" the mobilization of strikers.

The First World War thoroughly dislocated the CGT, but it was a passing eclipse. As soon as the war was over, the soaring cost of living and the reduced purchasing power of falling wages caused bitterness and resentment among veterans just back from the dirt, blood and suffering of four years in the trenches. Seeing with disgust how the "new rich" profiteers had installed themselves at the top of postwar society, the veterans swelled the ranks of labor unions. The Paris Trades Council's membership rose from 150,000 in 1918 to 300,000 in 1920.

Labor wanted action, "a change and a thorough cleanup." The war had made workers tough and impatient. And the Russian Revolution had lit a new fire of hope and enthusiasm in their hearts. A wave of industrial disputes swept through France, culminating in the big metal workers' and railwaymen's strikes of 1920. But the prewar Anarchists, who had retained their leadership of the CGT throughout the hostilities, no longer shared the impatience of the masses; they took a more sedate view of existing conditions and openly frowned upon this new upsurge.

A large section of the rank and file accused them of opportunism and of falling back into the groove of reformist tactics. The dividing line was the question of attitude toward the Russian Revolution. The French Socialist Party split on this issue, a majority of its members forming the Communist Party at Tours in 1920. The rift between CGT leaders also became sharper. At the Lille convention in 1921, union delegates split into opposing factions, 1,348 to the Left, 1,556 to the Right. Léon Jouhaux and Georges Dumoulin headed the moderates, invoking the Amiens Charter. Dumoulin maneuvered the majority into evicting the "Reds" from the CGT, starting with the whole Paris Trades Council, where the opposition had gained the upper hand.

Those expelled from the CGT formed separate unions which on December 21, 1921, were federated into the Communist-led CGTU (Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire). For 14 years the existence of two rival bodies acted as a deterrent for many workers, and their combined strength was less than that of the former unified organization. In 1923, CGTU leaders proposed joint action to the

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CGT; two years later they made overtures for a reunion. But it was not until 1935 that local mergers took place, and in 1936 the two wings were reunited at a joint convention in Toulouse.

Labor unity had been welded in strife. Another strike wave, the biggest in the country's history, shook France. By June, 1936, there were 1,850,000 men and women "occupying" their plants, stores and offices in sitdown strikes. It was the time of the Popular Front and mass democratic rallies against threatening fascism, homemade and imported. Labor won a substantial rise in wages, improved working conditions, and collective agreements. The "Accords Matignon" were signed under government arbitration.

This victory gained enormous prestige for the united CGT, whose membership by February, 1937, passed the all-time-high five million mark. It proved, however, a short-lived truce. There was a violent reaction at home, fanned by mounting international tension. Hitler and Mussolini inspired, armed and financed a series of plots to serve their own ultimate purpose. There was Franco's military rising in Spain, and, simultaneously, the "Cagoulards" conspiracy in France. (The recent trial of some of the "Cagoule" leaders in Paris—only second-line members of the gang, incidentally—disclosed striking evidence of how closely this international plot was connected with top-ranking army chiefs. It also brought to light that one of its first aims had been to crush labor, to disrupt and outlaw the CGT.) The Cagoulards went so far as to plant a bomb on the premises of the Employers' Federation (the French NAM) and try to frame the CGT for the outrage. The bomb did much damage and killed two policemen. But the frame-up missed fire.

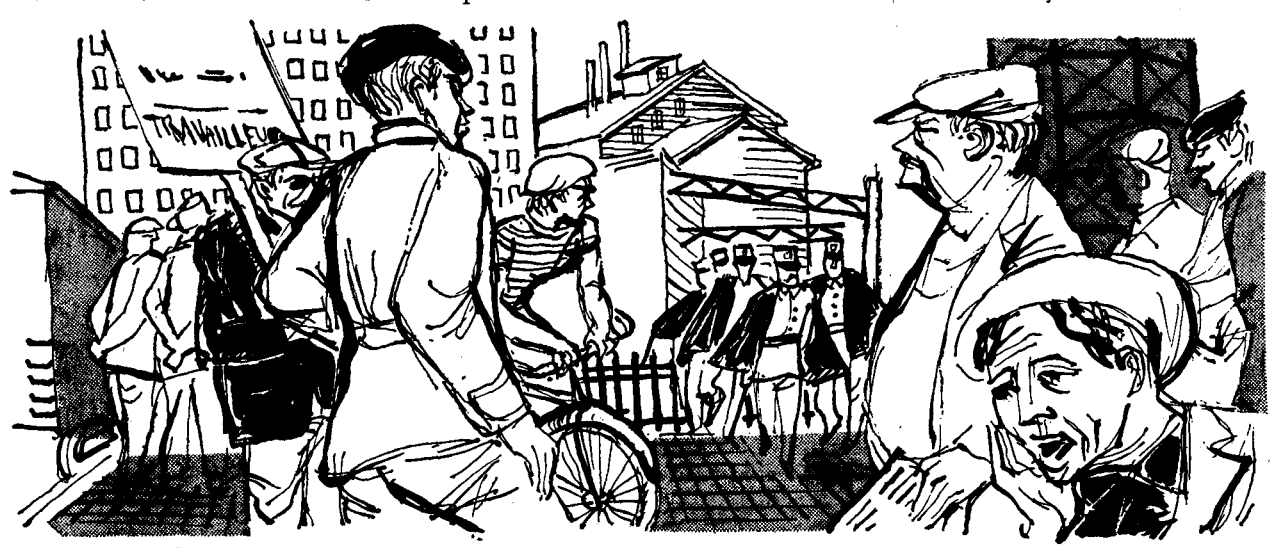
It was, significantly, the international alignment that sowed the seeds of new discord within the CGT leadership. The right-wingers, Dumoulin, Belin, Froideval, Delmas and Vigne, while clamoring for what they termed "free unions, independent of political ties," proclaimed their sympathy for Neville Chamberlain's "pacifist" policy of appeasement of Hitlerism. They acclaimed Premier Edouard Daladier on his return from signing the Munich pact. They congratulated Minister of Foreign Affairs Georges Bonnet for "an epoch-making achievement."

At the next convention of the CGT in Nantes, the following November, these same men demanded that organized labor formally approve the Munich pact, and that Communists be once more expelled from the unions. Delmas, then secretary of the Teachers' Union, coined the slogan: "Slavery is better than death." Less than a year later war broke out, and during the "phony war" Daladier hunted down the Communists. The right-wingers expelled Communists from the unions.

In June, 1940, Hitler's armies invaded France and entered Paris. Marshal Pétain, whom the Cagoulards had hailed as their leader, became "head of the state." He named as his Minister of Labor the ex-Anarchist Belin, who no longer scorned politics. Neither did his right-wing friends, Dumoulin, Froideval and Vigne, who joined him to draft for French workers a "Labor Charter" copied from Mussolini's Corporate State. The CGT was outlawed. The "free unions" advocates went over to the Vichy dictatorship and collaborated with the Nazis, who were delighted to have a ready-made Labor Front in France. The other leaders, and with them the overwhelming majority of workers, sided with the Allies and began actively to organize technical resistance against the German occupiers.

As early as May 15, 1941, first contacts were made and steps taken to rebuild underground the outlawed unions. By May, 1943, at Le Perreux, an eastern suburb of Paris, the clandestine CGT was reorganized. All factions reunited for the common struggle against the enemy. The constitution then adopted was based on the 1936 "Charter of Unity" voted at the Toulouse convention.

Léon Jouhaux, who had been hiding in the South of France, was handed over by Pétain to the Germans, who deported him to the Buchenwald "special" camp for top-ranking hostages. Before he was arrested, however, he had had many contacts with other



DRAWINGS BY FARRELL GREHAN

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labor leaders. Realizing that a much younger man was needed for the job, he designated Louis Saillant—a young secretary of the Wood Workers' Union, whom he regarded as his favorite disciple—to carry on the clandestine CGT alongside the tough, experienced co-general secretary Benoit Frachon. The world knows the role played by the CGT and its underground unions in leading the long, bitter, often tragic fight against the Wehrmacht and the Gestapo, and later in the Paris rising which liberated the capital even before the Allied armies reached its gates.

The CGT had a dominating influence within the CNR, the National Resistance Council that coördinated the whole movement. After the Liberation, when General de Gaulle was at last, with difficulty, persuaded to form a government in which at least some of the home Resistance leaders would sit among his personal nominees, Catholic Georges Bidault left the presidency of the CNR to become Foreign Minister. And Saillant of the CGT was elected to the chair Bidault had vacated.

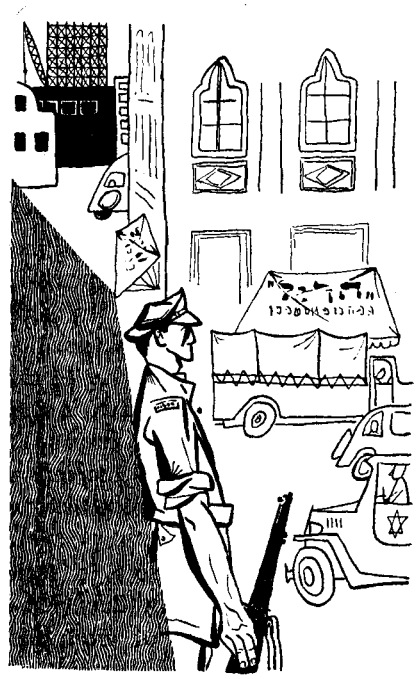
The group of former leaders who had betrayed labor—and France—for Pétain and the Germans vanished into thin air. The CGT went back to its looted headquarters and promptly reorganized its unions from the bottom up. By July, 1945, it had grown again to five million members. A year later it reached six million, with 18,000 unions grouped in 40 national federations of industry, 92 regional trades councils in France proper and eight in the Colonies. In 1945, the year of its fiftieth birthday, the CGT helped lay the foundation, in San Francisco and London, for the constitution of the World Federation of Trade Unions—born, in October of the same year, in that same Palais de Chaillot where the General Assembly of the UN has just been meeting. Saillant, in his dual capacity as president of the French CNR and CGT secretary, was unanimously elected General Secretary of the new world labor organization.

The concluding article on French labor will appear in an early issue. — THE EDITORS

THE WORLD'S NEWEST CAPITAL

Hakirya, seat of Israel's government, is a dusty, busy mixture of carnival site, gypsy camp and shanty town

by J. L. Teller



A TEL AVIV RESIDENT has only to spot the dust on your shoes and you have his sympathy. "Poor fellow," he will say, "so you've been given the run-around at Hakirya." Hakirya is the capital of Israel, situated near the sand-dunes on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, on the site of a former German Templar colony which in the 1936-39 disturbances allegedly served as the Arabs' clandestine district headquarters and bomb-assembly plant. When the Israelis moved in there several months ago, they roasted chestnuts on a bonfire made from the pictures of Hitler they stripped off the walls of these one-time German farmers' homes. The Germans, interned during the war, were repatriated by the British shortly before the termination of the mandate.

From dawn until far into the night there is a steady stream of traffic on the Petah Tikvah highway. The vehicles pass along the barbed-wire fences, interspersed with police booths and gates, which encircle the grounds where Israel's Provisional Government is functioning in what used to be barns and granaries. There is a tumult of car horns, drills and steam shovels. Road-paving gangs, carpenters and painters have been hard at work these several months trying to improvise a formal façade for this capital which operates like a forward military headquarters.

Externally, too, it is a mixture of carnival site, gypsy camp and shanty town. Dusty lanes and rutted roads are punctuated by desultory patches of sidewalk joined by wooden planks to the unsteady bottom steps of rickety porches. Bricks are piled high in front of the buildings. Pedestrians are menaced by the profusion of motorcycles, jeeps and limousines carrying VIP's, IP's and just curious citizens.

There is a scarcity of office space in Hakirya, and few senior officials, other than ministers, have offices to themselves. Most are crowded five and ten to a room, and must invite their visitors for a stroll for confidential talks. A great physical handicap is the lack of telephone equipment. The British, who deliberately went about sabotaging communications before their departure, and the Sternists, who blasted telephone wires in their war against the mandatory power, have between them destroyed quantities of installations. Hakirya has only three trunk lines. Incoming calls rarely get through, and it is extremely difficult to make appointments by phone. Visitors arrive unannounced, causing all kinds of complications, including some that require extensive apologetic correspondence by the *chef de protocol*.

Believing that, externally at least, family names are a measure of a na-

This is the fourth of six articles on Israel by J. L. Teller, a Middle East expert. The fifth will describe the varied cultures and origins of the Jews who have settled in the new nation.

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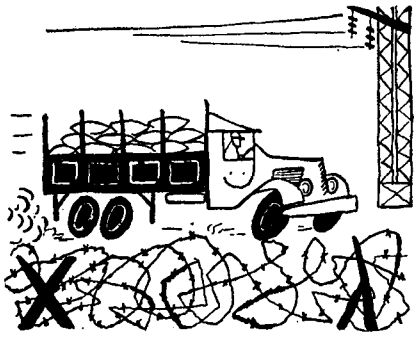

tion's homogeneity, Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion has insisted that everyone connected with the Israeli government should take a Hebrew name so as to sever the final obvious link with his country of origin. The result has been mild confusion. Top-echelon veteran officials are known both by their "aliases" and their former names, and it is difficult to trace a new official if you know only his former name, or a veteran minor clerk if you know only his new name.

There were charges of unbridled hiring when, in the first flush of statehood, ministries became clutttered with undersecretaries, experts, technicians and liaison officers and their secretaries and receptionists. Now that many of these employees are being released, there are no less vociferous charges of biased and indiscriminate firing. All this seems like home to an American with memories of the alphabet agencies of the early New Deal and wartime Washington. Salaries are low, but it is a distinction to work for the government.

Israelis, with the neat Jewish talent for deflating the pompous before it becomes ominous, have their little jokes about Hakirya. It is called Hakirya, they say, because addressing its bantam officials is tantamount to "talking to the *kir*"—which means wall in Hebrew. They call the capital "Pakidstan"—*pakid*, in Hebrew, means an official. Some sections of the press keep a score sheet of the overseas trips taken by Israeli officials, ask whether these were absolutely essential, and underscore air flights. When Soviet Minister Yershov and his staff arrived in Haifa by freighter, the press emphasized the fact and loudly hoped it would be an object lesson to Kirya.

The sometimes arbitrary conduct of Israeli officials is effectively counterbalanced by the almost anarchistic disrespect of the population for all formal authority. In large measure, it is this unique interplay that has enabled the Jews to survive as a people through centuries of statelessness. Because constituencies were not always organized to elect their spokesmen, there was frequently more than a suspicion of arbitrary impudence in the very assumption of leadership by some of Jewry's most dedicated protagonists, such as Dr. Theodor Herzl, who 50 years ago initiated political Zionism. When the suave Viennese playwright turned messianic zealot and sought audiences with royalty as the uncrowned king of the Jews, he spoke for hardly more than several score thousand of his 16 million people. This impudence, in turn, has always been counterbalanced by the vociferous, contemptuous insolence of both supporters and antagonists of Zionism.

This contumely persists in Israel today. No sooner had Chief Rabbi Isaac Herzog, a man of great piety and Talmudic and secular erudition in the tradition of the ancient Jewish rabbinate, taken office in Jerusalem several years ago than a score of fanatical dissidents in the Moyah Shearim ("One Hundred Gates") quarter posted bills denouncing him as the "bishop of the heretics." And no sooner was the Provisional Government of Israel proclaimed last May than this same group published an edict excommunicating the cabinet "for precipitating the Messiah." The ban applied equally to the two rabbinical members of the state, Rabbis J. L. Fishman and Yitzchak Meyer Levin, ministers respectively for Religious Affairs and Social Welfare, and to the paper currency issued by Hakirya. Like the 50,000 Arabs remaining in Israel, these fanatics stil conduct their business in the coinage that was issued by the mandatory regime.

More languages are spoken at Hakirya than at an international airport. Hebrew emerges from the babble of tongues as the one most emasculated by the speakers, because many officials are immigrants, some of them recent ones.

The Provisional Government of Israel, in its organizational aggregate, is a fantastic congregation of ghettos. It is amazing how well both state building and the war effort have progressed despite the confusion of ideologies, tongues, prejudices and inhibitions. The local press tirelessly admonishes individual ministers. Each is called upon to staff his department with men from his own party, his own special faction within the party—often men with whom he has worked closely in the Zionist movement in his country

DRAWINGS BY FRASCONI

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of origin. This system of selection is potentially dangerous; abuses can be prevented only by the early institution of civil service.

In the Ministry of Justice, under German Zionist Dr. Felix Rosenblueth, there is even some Prussian heel-clicking and bowing from the waist. At all times there is proper salutation by ranks, as well as a formal politeness and a rigid efficiency that involve a profusion of memoranda and correspondence, which, however, is promptly attended to. Dr. Rosenblueth would not tolerate the comedy of errors that once took place in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Told to open all mail addressed to Moshe Shertok and route it to the appropriate undersecretary, the mail clerk applied it even to letters from Mrs. Shertok. It may be that he was just too literal-minded; it may also be that he found it difficult to drop a habit acquired when, as a Palestine government employee, he served Haganah intelligence.

In Shertok's office, the senior staff is comprised largely of Israeli Mapai members and of more recent Oxonian-accented arrivals from Britain and South Africa. Some of these have introduced the supercilious formality associated with the Britisher who has lived too long among natives.

The Ministry of Agriculture and the Ministry of Public Works, staffed by Mapam men, are among the least formal. There, when a foreign diplomat is announced, officials nervously fumble with jacket sleeves in order to get into slightly more proper attire than a tieless shirt and suspenders. Members of the collective settlements, from which the officials of these ministries have been recruited, make it a point to arrive unannounced to make certain that "our boys" have not taken on the airs of "bourgeois pakidim."

The most unusual ministry is that of Social Welfare, headed by Rabbi Yitzchak Meyer Levin, son-in-law of the late Gerer Rebbe, one of the last descendants of a great dynasty of Hassidic rabbis. Levin is the nominal chief of the ultra-orthodox Agudat Israel. His department has been nicknamed "the little Vatican"; most of his staff wear kaftans and skullcaps and are host all day to a steady stream of visitors in orthodox garb. It is reminiscent of his father-in-law's court in prewar Poland, where thousands of faithful used to pour in for the holidays, traveling by coach, train and on foot, and waiting for hours in long lines in the broiling sun to be blessed by the rabbi. A mourner in quest of an evening service in Hakirya at which to recite the traditional prayer for a deceased kinsman is always assured of a quorum at Rabbi Levin's or Rabbi Fishman's departments.

The Israelis gripe about taxes. Their target is tall, broad-shouldered Eliezer Kaplan, a humorless man of high integrity who for years has been holding the pursestrings of Jewish state-building, first as treasurer of the Jewish Agency Executive, and now as Israeli Finance Minister. Ministers complain that they could accomplish much more "if only, like Moses, we could smite the rock of his heart and make a budget flow." A middle-of-the-roader, a member of Mapai, he has been accused by the rich of soaking them, and by the Left of coddling the rich. Israelis say that "his tax policies will soon convert the country into a veritable paradise—all we will be wearing is fig leaves."

The most capricious member of the cabinet is General Zionist leader Isaac Gruenbaum, Minister of the Interior. He accepted the post on condition that, contrary to Continental tradition, the police department should not be under his ministry. He remembered too vividly police practices in Czarist Russia, Poland and British-ruled Palestine, he argued in support of his position. Since the General Zionists insisted on this Ministry, and Gruenbaum was their candidate, the police was attached, instead, to the Ministry of Minority Affairs.

The two ministers who drive themselves hardest are David Ben-Gurion and Moshe Shertok, both almost Spartan in endurance. Ben-Gurion is impetuous, grandiose in his schemes and impatient wtih details. Shertok is an unregenerate pedant, obsessed with details. Tel Avivians say that David Ben-Gurion was offered the crown, but turned it down "because I have had my name too long to change it, and I refuse to be King David the Second." And of Moshe Shertok they say that "if he is shown an advance draft of it, Israel will remain indefinitely without a constitution; Shertok will spend the rest of his life amending the punctuation."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

FIVE STAR FINAL: EISENHOWER REPORTS

by William Harlan Hale

AN OBSCURE New York settlement worker from the East Side's Christadora House worked his way up to a position where, as personal spokesman for the President of the most powerful nation on earth, he was able to arbitrate between allies and shape the world's future by allotting vast American aid: that is the theme of Robert E. Sherwood's recent masterly presentation of Harry Hopkins.

An obscure Kansas infantryman who never got overseas in the First World War and who lived out his middle years as a major in the provincial and half-forgotten regular army of the 1920's and early 1930's rose to a position in which he not only commanded four invasions and disposed of the immediate fate of the armed forces of three Allied nations in European theatres, but also dealt directly with heads of foreign states and more than once told the British Prime Minister where to get off: such is the background of General Dwight D. Eisenhower's equally masterly memoir, *Crusade in Europe* (Doubleday; $5).

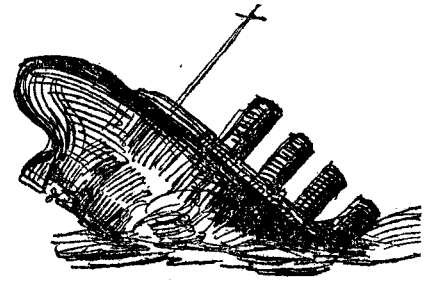
The two books, one civil and the other military in setting, are obviously related. Both are classic studies of the emergence of leadership—specifically of American leadership—called forth by the demands of new, worldwide responsibility, and in both cases fulfilled with extraordinary, historic dispatch. Between Hopkins, who applied to the running of the war many of the militant methods of social work, and Eisenhower, who commanded Allied hosts while still only a lieutenant colonel in our regular establishment (his general's four stars were then only "temporary"), there were more similarities than they themselves recognized.

Both were, in a sense, mavericks: Hopkins was an outsider to the polished halls of diplomacy, an accident thrown up in the turmoil of the depression, a hard, explosive force driving through where groomed ambassadors failed; Eisenhower was a restless junior, a precocious planner with small means, a mind not to be drugged into obeisance to the doctrines of the Ben Lears and Hugh Drums and all the other now forgotten senior generals of the army of the 1930's; and just as Roosevelt spotted Hopkins among a welter of young movers and shakers, so Marshall spotted Eisenhower.

Both, moreover, soon found themselves doing what they had never remotely been trained to do. Hopkins, up through 1939, had known nothing and cared less for foreign affairs; Eisenhower—soon to command three million men in Europe—had never in the years of peace observed more than one one-hundredth of that number of American soldiers perform together (neither, for that matter, had any other American officer). There was no precedent for lend-lease; none for successful sea-borne invasion of a major land area defended with modern weapons; and almost none for the successful waging of close-knit coalition warfare (the Allied coalition of 1917-18 was not close-knit, and the European alliance against Napoleon had for the most part been phenomenally inept). In a period of extraordinary American improvisation, forced upon us by gigantic issues we had long tried to duck, Hopkins and Eisenhower were two of our most daring innovators. Both were hard-headed pragmatists. But both were also, in their various ways, idealists.

Eisenhower's idealism as a soldier was embodied simply in his recognition that this wasn't just another war. This was to be a different kind of war: the methods of simple nationalism plus traditional, non-political soldiering were not going to be enough to win it. His memoir is written in the restrained, formal style cultivated at West Point, but it lashes out at our wartime army's early "dismaying lack of comprehension . . . as to the fundamental causes of the war. Differences between democracy and totalitarianism were matters of academic rather than personal interest; soldiers saw no apparent reason why conflict between the two was any concern of America." Eisenhower rebukes those commanders who sent their troops into battle without indoctrinating them in the things they were fighting for. Montgomery, as if he were still living in the dear, dead days of chivalry, invited captured German generals to his tent and amiably refought the battle with them over dinner; Eisenhower had them thrown straightway into "Ashcan." Patton, a military genius but a human simpleton, called the Nazis "bastards" while he was chasing them across France but afterward said he couldn't see anything wrong in them; Eisenhower insisted—against much "go-easy" advice—that the German nest be cleaned out for good.

As everyone knows, his greatest triumphs were won not on the battlefield but around the tables of high headquarters, where he carefully built and



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DRAWINGS BY JOHN GROTH

buttressed a revolutionary concept of all-out Allied comradeship of arms. In this he was severely tested. On at least seven major occasions he came into sharp conflict with British strategic or tactical thinking; on six of these his views—or those which he shared with the American Chiefs of Staff—prevailed, and yet the alliance was never shaken. (The seventh case was the invasion at Anzio, which he opposed but which Churchill insisted on—with bloody and dubious results.)

He fought repeated British attempts to call off the cross-Channel invasion and to embark on further adventures exclusively in the Mediterranean. He fought Montgomery's demand to be made over-all ground chief in the European campaign, with British armies winning priority—and he fought the demand of his American commanders that *they* get priority. He opposed the RAF's doctrine that only night-time heavy bombardment would do the trick, as well as the doctrine of the US Eighth Air Force that only daylight precision bombing would do it; and he concluded there was much to be said for both. Sometimes, to those further forward, his functions looked rather negative, for he was holding aggressive and rival commanders in check. But his interest was in the team, and this he revealed in its widest scope when in January, 1945, he decided not to race the Russians to Berlin and to perform instead the greater military tasks of encircling the Ruhr and reducing the south German "Redoubt."

This decision brought bitter protests from Churchill and has been assailed by veteran American-Firsters like John T. Flynn as a Roosevelt sell-out to Stalin. Eisenhower makes clear that he reached the decision himself, and that he wanted no part in a political game to snatch Berlin from the grasp of the approaching Russians. If that was a military decision, it was surely also one that involved a high conception of what the politics of alliance should be. Was the conception too high? This reviewer doubts that history will hold that it was.

The strength of Eisenhower's book is that it tersely and accurately reflects the strength of his personality and winning decisions. It is less warm than he is; but perhaps in a high commander who stands exposed to other men's jealousies and reprisals that is just as well, especially in view of some passages in the memoirs of Generals Stilwell, Patton and "Howlin' Mad" Smith that got a bit too hot. The book is weakest when Eisenhower's position was weakest—in defending the Darlan deal and in trying to make out that the Battle of the Bulge didn't really take us by surprise after all. (This reviewer, wearing a SHAEF patch, saw something of that affair and the G-2 performance that went with it; and if ever a command was caught with its pants down, it was ours.) But this need not materially lessen Eisenhower's reputation. He was confident, he was sure, he was masterly in his choice and handling of many nations' men, and that amplitude of spirit gradually conveyed itself to those lower down, even after they had been hard hit.

TRENDS, INC.

NEW DIRECTIONS 10, James Laughlin, editor. (New Directions; $4.50).

THIS LATEST VOLUME in the series subtitled "An Annual Exhibition Gallery of New and Divergent Trends in Modern Letters" is presented as breathlessly and optimistically as ever. The publishers are still hopeful, on the basis of this work, that "a new renascence may be in the making." But since they advertise the book as "advance guard and experimental writing" it seems a little premature to list it under their "Lasting Literature" titles. I only mention this as characteristic of the snobbish pressures New Directions amusingly exerts in its advertising; it contrives an air of critical judgment and authoritative commendation while it merely barks its wares.

An anomaly in such a volume is a stock informative piece on the California movie colony, reprinted from the London *Daily Telegraph* and announced as "the final word on Hollywood by Evelyn Waugh." It can come as no surprise that Waugh has at last exhausted that subject. For the most part, the volume prints work of younger and lesser-known writers who are seriously concerned about literature. But with due admiration for intentions, the results are generally disappointing. Through the fiction, at least, the influence of Kafka continues to spread like a blight. To the American writer, often isolated in an urban and alien environment, the case of Kafka (both the legend and the work) is strongly appealing. But just because Kafka's writing is so personal, the danger is that lesser talents learn from him only his idiosyncrasies.

The best of the book, in my opinion,

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is a story by Isaac Rosenfeld, called "Alpha and Omega." It studies a group of people casually related by living in the same tenement. The way he suggests a dancer's character through a description of her movement and positions of rest is an unusual achievement. But the distinction of the story is in the language itself, shifting slightly but exactly to fit each separate individual. Also worth remarking (if for different reasons) is Tennessee Williams' story of a Negro masseur who assists in an "atonement" by mauling a "white-collar clerk," and finally, at the direction of the "victim" himself, by eating "the splintered bones clean." After which "there was an air of completion." For "out of the unlikely problem, the answer, perfection, was slowly evolved through torture." This little parable is delivered from a straight face, but it would be underrating Williams' showmanship to deny him the neat accomplishment here of providing an antidote to himself.

The most curious feature of the volume is outside the contents proper, called "A Few Random Notes from the Editor" (James Laughlin). It is curious, among other reasons, because of the condescending, folksy tone which betrays a poor opinion of the reader who has, presumably, just paid $4.50 for this book. Laughlin speaks of increasing the size of the public for serious literature, and suggests how his audience can help in "fighting the good fight." Example: "If you have friends who are on the edge of élite taste try to push them up to where they belong. . . . Just leave the good books around where they can pick them up by curiosity." For if one percent of the American population could read *The Golden Bowl* (as a test case), there would be a public large enough "to support as many really first-rate writers as we are likely to produce at any one time."

It is certainly desirable, for the self-respect of the community and for the preservation of our literature, that serious writers receive support, moral and financial, for their work. But one winces at the sentence that follows: "Then it wouldn't matter much what the gross public read, and the hacks and touts could get as rich as they pleased catering to them." It would matter very much indeed, if only for the reason that a one-percent minority isn't going to survive to read *The Golden Bowl* in a population of ninety-nine-percent debauched imbeciles.

The public doesn't exist for writers; it is only of secondary importance that "the buying power of the élite" is "channeled undividedly to the support of the best writers." If there is a responsibility here, it is first of all the other way round. That is, the writer's responsibility is to the public (of which he is a part) to keep the language alive and clean. And the value of any élite is that it maintains the standards of speech established by the writers in its (after all inevitable) contacts with the "gross public."

JOHN FARRELLY

THE PLASTIC ARTS: Books for Christmas

BOOKS listed are recent publications; if printed in England, they are also issued here. Many art bookstores carry foreign publications which are generally better printed, with finer press and color work than native books; they are also considerably more expensive. Art books are not so dear as they seem; they are perennials, more lasting than novels, and the best have a resale value.

A choice had to be made for this selection, and only titles which, in the opinion of the compiler, have a unique value (that is, information or plates in them cannot be found elsewhere) were chosen.

One cannot help mentioning two books—both expensive, both published in Switzerland, both by the soldier-statesman, novelist and movie-maker, André Malraux. They are part of his *The Psychology of Art*, which will include cinema. *Le Musée Imaginaire* appeared two years ago, and is at a premium. *La Creation Artistique*; 15 color plates; 120 in black and white (Skira, Geneva; $15), is available at many shops and also from S. Hacker, 381 Bleecker Street, New York 14.

INDIVIDUAL ARTISTS

PABLO PICASSO: LITHOGRAPHS, 1945-1948. Introduction by Bernhard Geiser; 67 plates, one in color (Curt Valentin; $3).

A charmingly produced, small book with reproductions of Picasso's recent graphic work, which ranges from improvisations on prehistoric rock-painting to rearrangements of elements from Cranach and Poussin.

THE PRINTS OF JOAN MIRO. Text in English and French by Michel Leiris; 40 plates; 2 color stencils (Curt Valentin; $12.50).

Little is lost from the originals in this excellent portfolio, and Miró's playful essence is caught almost as well here as in his paintings in oil.

JUAN GRIS: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. Translated by Douglas Cooper; 70 plates, 2 in color; 50 text illustrations by Curt Valentin (Curt Valentin; $15).

The definitive study of a pioneer Cubist, with complete coverage also of his theatrical and graphic work, and with an extended historical survey of Cubism.

PAUL CEZANNE: A BIOGRAPHY, by John Rewald; 4 color plates; 113 black and white illustrations; 21 text illustrations (Simon and Schuster; $5).

This book is an outgrowth of the author's study of the fascinating Zola-Cezanne correspondence. It is excellently presented and arranged, and illustrated with many valuable comparative photographs of sites the artist actually used. The book is necessary for any essential comprehension of Cezanne's vision and influence.

DEGAS LETTERS. Edited by Marcel Guerin; 27 illustrations (Studio Publications; $6).

One of the greatest artists and most peculiar of men, Degas is more openly

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shown in his correspondence than by his biographers. The appendix has valuable personal memoirs by Daniel Halévy, George Moore and others. The translation keeps the accidental flavor of the original. Valéry's *Degas Dance Drawing* (Lear; $5) is an excellent companion to the letters.

JOHN MARIN, by MacKinley Helm. With a foreword by the artist; 9 plates in color; 64 reproductions in black and white (Pellegrini and Cudahy; $6.50).

Issued in connection with the recent retrospective show at the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art, this monograph is well-produced, with good color plates. The biographical material is comprehensive.

SEARCH FOR THE REAL, by Hans Hofmann; with many illustrations; one color plate; photographs of the artist (Addison Gallery; $4.50).

These essays are based on an exhibition covering a half-century of the art of Hans Hofmann, held at the Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. They provide the clearest explanation of the master of the non-objective contemporary North American school. Hofmann's influence over a large section of advance-guard painters cannot be exaggerated. This is the best exposition of his pedagogical theories.

JAN VERMEER VAN DELFT, by A. B. DeVries; 4 color plates; 69 reproductions in black and white (B. T. Batsford; $10).

A revised edition of the standard Dutch work, taking advantage of recent opinions on Vermeer following the extraordinary forgeries discovered during the war. With a good catalogue, and illustrations of parallel Dutch art.

REMBRANDT, by Jakob Rosenberg. Volume I: 264 text pages; Volume II: 281 gravure illustrations (The Harvard University Press; $18.50).

In spite of the many books on Rembrandt, and the current fine Phaidon monograph on his drawings, Dr. Rosenberg's concise and lively study is of valid interest. The illustrations are not grouped chronologically, but are placed to illustrate the artist's life, his treatment of portraiture, landscape, the Bible, genre, mythology and history.

Wittenborn Schultz, Inc., 38 East Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City, publishes two rewarding series of paper-bound books on extreme advance-guard manifestations: "The Documents of Modern Art" (edited by the collagist Robert Motherwell), and "Problems of Contemporary Art." Recent titles are:

ON MY WAY: POETRY AND ESSAYS, 1912-1947, by Jean (Hans) Arp. Texts in English, French and German; Essay on Arp by C. Giedion-Welcker. Thirty-nine illustrations and two original woodcuts ($4.50).

BEYOND PAINTING (and other writings by the artist and his friends), by Max Ernst (Arp, Breton, Calas, Eluard, Levy, Matta, Ribbemont-Dessaignes, Tzara and Motherwell). Bibliography by Bernard Karpel (140 illustrations; $6).

PAINTINGS, SCULPTURES, REFLECTIONS, by G. Vantongerloo. With a preface by Max Bill (50 illustrations; 2 color plates; $3).

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, with an introduction by James S. Plaut; 8 plates in color, 48 in photogravure, with 2 original lithographs (Institute of Contemporary Art; $3.50).

The catalogue, actually a monograph, on the work of the great Austrian expressionist first held at the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art in November, and scheduled for appearances in New York, Washington, St. Louis and San Francisco. It is a handsome book, printed in England, and contains invaluable information. A portfolio of Kokoschka's landscapes, finely printed by Rascher Verlag, Zurich ($4.50), is available at Wittenborn's, 38 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York 22.

GENERAL SURVEYS

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. Edited by Alfred H. Barr Jr.; 380 plates (Museum of Modern Art; $5.50; distributed by Simon and Schuster).

Almost as big and inclusive as a telephone book is this excellent one-volume visual history of the plastic arts of our time. Graphics are excluded. The collection is unique, and its historical and chronological presentation imposes a pedagogical order on what often seems chaos.

CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS, by James Thrall Soby; 65 plates (Museum of Modern Art; $3.75; distributed by Simon and Schuster).

A series of articles on some interesting familiar and unfamiliar contemporary English, Italian, German and American painters, with excellent illustrations in a well-printed and designed, straightforward book.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTING: AN INTERPRETATION, by Wolfgang Born; 142 plates; one in color (The Yale University Press; $7.50).

Starting with European sources, this book covers the course of American topographical rendering and recalls many forgotten nineteenth-century figures of exceptional merit. The social background is well integrated.

RENAISSANCE IN HAITI, by Selden Rodman; 9 color plates; 32 in black and white; and numerous photographs (Pellegrini and Cudahy; $4.50).

An informal, cursive introduction to the fine folk painting done through the Centre d'Art at Port-au-Prince, under the direction of DeWitt Peters. The author, a poet, feels his subject warmly and knows it well. The color plates are charming.

CHINESE PAINTING, by William Cohn; 224 plates, with illustrated introduction (Phaidon Press; $7.50; distributed by the Oxford University Press).

This magnificent book, an eloquent and comprehensive survey, represents the best that can be had in a one-volume semi-popular study. Its admirably reproduced details are clear expositions of brushwork.

CHINESE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, by George N. Kates; 112 plates and 10 line cuts (Harper and Brothers; $6).

A delightful, well-presented book on what is ostensibly the hardwood domestic furniture of China, but which is actually a whole vision of Chinese life as expressed in the elegantly polished shapes and skills of ceremonial convenience by an old China hand whose prose has the finesse of a mandarin carpenter.

AMERICAN FOLK ART IN WOOD, METAL AND STONE, by Jean Lipman; 4 color plates, 170 illustrations (Pantheon Books; $7.50).

A companion volume to the author's *American Primitive Painting*, and, if anything, better illustrated and organized. It underscores the great contribution of the Index of American Design, and gives the background for masterpieces of untutored native artifacts. The

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book contains a large and representative choice of illustrations.

ART IN MEDIAEVAL FRANCE: 987-1498: A STUDY IN PATRONAGE, by Joan Evans; 280 illustrations and a map (The Oxford University Press; $17.50).

A comprehensive single volume on *architecture, sculpture, painting* and the so-called minor arts of France. For all its scholar's thoroughness, it is addressed to anyone interested in French culture. The book is a background for understanding the subsequent priority of France over Western Europe in psychological portraiture and rational plastic ideas.

THE BOOK OF FINE PRINTS, by Carl Zigrosser; 555 plates (Crown Publishers; $5).

A reëditing of the author's *Six Centuries of Fine Prints* (1937). A good popular introduction to the general subject of the graphic arts, including photography and silk-screen prints, with a wealth of readable technical and historical data, well organized and illustrated.

TECHNICAL

THE TASTE OF ANGELS, by Francis Henry Taylor; 89 illustrations (Little, Brown and Company; $10).

A highly amusing popular treatise on the politics of acquiring painting and sculpture. The concept of art works as negotiable securities illuminates an informal resumé of princely taste; it is gossip on the level of social history.

THE CARE OF PICTURES, by George L. Stout; 24 illustrations; 33 drawings in the text (The Columbia University Press; $3.75).

An extremely well-written, sensible book covering far more than its title promises. Stout, an expert in restoring all sorts of objects, explains in simple language the anatomy of pictures from surface to physical structure. He provides a basis for lay understanding of the painter's problem.

FAKES: A HANDBOOK FOR COLLECTORS AND STUDENTS, by Otto Kurz; 95 illustrations (The Yale University Press; $6).

An entertaining and revealing study of the demi-science of commercial attribution. It is as entertaining as a game, and an eye-opener to the general complacency imposed by the legacy of art collectors and the installations of museum curators.

FIFTY SECRETS OF MAGIC CRAFTSMANSHIP, by Salvador Dali. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier; 3 color plates, and many drawings and diagrams in the text (The Dial Press; $7.50).

In spite of the strident exhibitionism of this aging sensationalist, Dali's intelligent if personal remarks on painting have positive interest. Taking a one-sided esthetic derived from Raphael—and Freud—Dali gives a strong case for representational rendering and the extreme extension of the allegorical or lyric imagination. Specific observations are acute and many of his drawings are entertaining.

MAGAZINES

Verve, which calls itself a magazine but is actually a series of monographs in large format with excellent reproductions, may be obtained at many art bookstores and through Museum Books Inc., 48 East Forty-Third Street, New York 17. All are $10 and are soon out of print. The most recent titles are:

BONNARD: edited by Teriade. Thirty reproductions in color (4 double-page); 57 in black and white; and drawings from personal sketchbooks.

PICASSO: the work done at Antibes, 1946-47, with texts by the artist and Sabartes. Twenty reproductions in color; 76 in black and white.

MATISSE: the work done at Vence, 1944-48. Twenty-four plates in color and 40 drawings in black and white.

The *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art* is issued ten times a year. Deceptively unassuming, its color-plates, brilliant articles, both general and specific (particularly those by A. Hyatt Mayor on graphic art, and A. T. Gardner on American painting), and its excellent reproductions combine to make it perhaps the best technical presentation of art at a modest price in America. Subscription: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue at Eighty-second Street, New York 28; $3 a year.

Mexico in El Arte. This distinguished de-luxe review is published monthly by the Institute of Fine Arts, Mexico City, under the general direction of the composer Carlos Chavez. It covers national activities in painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, music, dance and drama. Its monographs on Rivera, Orozco, Siquieros, with fine color plates, etc., show the latest work of these men. Copies are sent free to artists and interested laymen. Address: Rafael Solana, Palacio de Bellas Artes, Mexico, D. F.

Magazine of Art. The official publication of the American Federation of Arts is an excellent monthly of catholic taste, treating all aspects of plastic expression with a nice balance between technical and general reference. Reviews of individual modern painters and recent books by younger members of the country's fine-arts faculties are models of careful brevity and information. Editor: Robert Goldwater, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York 22. Subscription: $6.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

RECORDS: Christmas Miscellany

THREE IMPOSING importations from France have arrived in the record shops in time to serve as Christmas gifts for your musical friends. The most thunderous of these is Hector Berlioz's immense Requiem, a recording too dependent on upper frequencies and too high in decibel content to produce its effect on any except a large, up-to-date machine. The work itself, more frequently written about than performed, involves a huge orchestra, a chorus of three hundred, four brass bands, and a tenor soloist. The album (Columbia MM-769; $15.50) was recorded by the Emile Passani Choir and Orchestra, conducted by Jean Fournet, in the Church of St. Eustache in Paris. In the grandest movement, the "Tuba mirum," the records catch the awesome reverberations of the massed choral and instrumental tone against the vaulted ceiling; but as a whole the Requiem seems long before it is over, because of its dependence on outward effects rather than firm contrapuntal construction.

A more conventional piece, Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila" (Columbia MOP-28; two volumes, boxed, $21.50), is authoritatively set forth by the forces of the Paris Opéra, con-

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ducted by Louis Fourestier. José Luccioni is an admirable Samson, and Hélène Bouvier is a reasonably seductive, if light-voiced, Dalila. The third of the foreign importations, Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," a one-act fantasy with a libretto by Colette, contains some of its composer's most enchanting music, small in scale but exquisite in texture. The recording (Columbia MOP-29; $8.50) was capably made by Ernest Bour, with the Orchestre National and the Choir of the Radiodiffusion Française.

The batch of Columbia's European listings also includes several interesting and less expensive items. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts the four "Sea Interludes" from Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes" with a panoramic sweep that makes the music sound more imposing than it really is (Columbia MX-303; $3.50). . . . Witold Malcuzynski, a pianist with the right poetic sense for the lyric episodes but not quite enough fire for the bravura passages, plays a better than average performance of Chopin's Concerto No. 2, in F minor, with Paul Kletski conducting (Columbia MM-777; $4.75). . . . The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, under Hebert Karajan, one of the rising conductors of Europe, presents the relatively unfamiliar, but exceptionally lovely, Mozart Symphony in B flat major, Köchel No. 319, in most musical fashion, and adds the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" on the odd side (Columbia MM-778; $4.75).

In time to coincide with the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season, Victor has released a miscellany of operatic singles by a number of leading Metropolitan artists. Some of the best are: Licia Albanese, soprano, singing two Massenet arias, from "Hérodiade" and "Manon" (12-0525; $1.25); Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, in "Ah, fuyez, douce image," from "Manon" and the balcony-scene aria from Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" (12-0527; $1.25); Giuseppe di Stefano, whose fine young tenor voice promises an important future for him, in the two tenor arias from Thomas' "Mignon" (12-0529, $1.25); Set Svanholm, tenor, in the Rome Narrative from Wagner's "Tannhäuser" (12-0528; $1.25); and an album of four tenor arias effectively sung by Jan Peerce, from "La Gioconda," "Pagliacci," "La Juive" and "Tosca" (MO-1250; $3.50).

Two attractive Mozart singles, both recorded in Europe, are in Columbia's current list: Elizabeth Schwartzkopf, leading soprano at Covent Garden in London, singing Donna Elvira's second-act aria, from "Don Giovanni" (72640-D; $1.25); and Oscar Natzka, a rich-voiced bass who joined the New York City Opera this fall, singing two arias from "The Magic Flute" (72641-D; $1.25).

Ballet enthusiasts will find several albums among recent releases. Four "episodes" from Aaron Copland's fine score for Agnes de Mille's "Rodeo" are played with appropriate nostalgia or high spirits by the Dallas Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati (Victor DM-1214; $4.75). . . . The glittering period music of Delibes' "Coppélia" is revived with immense zest and complete good taste by Constant Lambert, conducting a group of English players (Columbia MM-775; $6). . . . A suite from Lecocq's "Mlle. Angot," in the saucy style of Offenbach's music, and very nearly as good, is played to the hilt by Efrem Kurtz and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, in a giddy reorchestration by Richard Mohaupt (Columbia MX-305; $3.50). . . . The rapidly aging music of Khatchaturian's "Gayne," which includes the "Saber Dance," is presented with frenetic energy and dizzy tempi by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Artur Rodzinski (Victor DM-1212; $3.50; on vinylite, DV-19, $5).

For soberer tastes, Bruno Walter offers a warm, inviting performance of Dvorak's Fourth Symphony, a less popular work than the "New World," but one full of charming Bohemian strains (Columbia MM-770; $6). . . . Two dazzling Rimsky-Korsakov recordings have just appeared. The familiar "Scheherazade" has probably never been played better than by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia MM-772; $7.25). The symphonic poem, "Sadko," a pale dish of treacle indeed, is presented by Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra with as much enthusiasm as though it possessed some musical ideas (Victor DM-1252; $3.50).

Two new albums of piano music are particularly worth owning. Claudio Arrau's playing of the six pieces included in the first two books of Albeniz's "Iberia" completely captures the Spanish flavor and rhythms, and overrides the immense technical difficulties as though they did not exist (Columbia MM-757; $7.25). Erik Satie's quizzical little set of "Three Pieces in the Shape of a Pear," masterpieces of subtle understatement, are sensitively performed by Robert and Gaby Casadesus (Columbia MM-763; $3.90). CECIL SMITH

RADIO

History Recaptured

LEE DE FOREST, who made modern radio possible by inventing the audeo tube, delivered himself a few years ago of a lament that has become almost famous. To put it mildly, DeForest felt that the broadcasters were not suitable foster parents for his baby. But once in a while the eminent scientist's complaint is challenged. I have two album collections of distilled broadcasting which prove that radio occasionally rises to its high potential.

The newer of these readings is "I Can Hear It Now." Edward R. Murrow, of CBS, and Fred W. Friendly, formerly a war correspondent in the Far East, now with NBC, spent two years listening to some 500 hours of broadcasting. What they heard were voices: Will Rogers was doing his sardonic kidding-on-the-level in 1933, just as some of us were accepting the fact that we were really in a deep economic depression; Huey Long, cocksure and unscrupulous, was promising to make every man a king. Edward VIII abdicated in favor of "the woman I love"; a cold radio news-

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caster started to report a routine landing of a German Zeppelin and ended with the heart-rending cries of a man witnessing the *Hindenburg* disaster at Lakehurst; Neville Chamberlain came home from Munich rejoicing that with the Sudetenland the German hunger was at last appeased. Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin voiced their demands on destiny; Roosevelt coined his "Martin, Barton and Fish" crack and reported the chagrin of "my little dog, Fala."

The 500 hours of voices were reduced to 100, then edited down to 45 minutes. And it's this capsule version of 13 years of historic voicings—from 1933 to the beginning of the Atomic Age and Douglas MacArthur's acceptance of the Japanese surrender on a ship in Tokyo Bay—that Murrow and Friendly have compressed into five 12-inch records (Columbia; $7.25).

There isn't a more intelligent reporter on the air than Murrow, but his running comments on these events have been held to mere punctuation marks. He depends on the original voices for the re-creation of excitement. Murrow and Friendly did not hesitate to tap sources beyond CBS's own files among rival networks, and we hear NBC's Clem McCarthy describing Joe Louis' victory over Max Schmeling, as well as ABC's George Hicks broadcasting D-Day from his microphone aboard the invasion flagship.

This is "a book for ear" done with understanding by men who witnessed, and helped report, history. The editors of the collection—Murrow and Friendly refer to themselves as "collectors"—hope that the material they left on the original tape may, ultimately, result in other "books for ear" devoted solely "to those five days at Munich, or the twenty-four hours of D-Day, or the saga of atomic fission." The latter I'd like to hear. Meanwhile, the present Murrow-Friendly album is a proud contribution to the new and almost magic art of history relived.

For those who honor the memory of Roosevelt there is available a pair of albums of "pure" FDR. These are NBC "documentary recordings" (now distributed by Linguaphone; 24 sides; $24.50) of Roosevelt's speeches, brought together with commentary by César Saerchinger under the title "Rendezvous with Destiny." They are not new, but neither are they sufficiently known.

Saerchinger calls his part of the job "historical narration," and it is just that. He acts as interpreter and analyst rather than as mere reporter. Thus, his setting of the background for some of Roosevelt's speeches during the early days of the New Deal recalls a national predicament that a good many well-disciplined memories have managed to forget. It is not an NAM type of history that Saerchinger recalls.

The genuine excitement of these recordings, again, is in listening to Roosevelt's own voice. As in the Murrow-Friendly album, you feel the growth, the mellowing, the aging, the change of tempo and the weariness. But in Saerchinger's recordings Roosevelt is constantly in focus, and you hear him in all his warmth, his fighting challenges, his eternally boyish bravado, his most moving cadences and his permanent convictions.

I have always smiled when broadcasting boasts that "radio made Roosevelt." The speeches of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt exerted some influence with no help from the microphone. Nevertheless, FDR was the first American to use radio powerfully. (At the other end of the political spectrum, but at the same time, Hitler and Goebbels were also discovering its effectiveness.)

As Saerchinger noted in the printed foreword that accompanied my pair of albums when I got them from NBC nearly three years ago: "To Roosevelt, direct appeal to the people was a major function of the Executive, and no President ever exercised it more effectively." Looked at from that viewpoint, these recordings take on additional value, not merely as nostalgic reminders of a dead man's greatness, but as living proof that persuasion is both an art and a weapon. SAUL CARSON

THEATRE: Red Faces

THE Jed Harris-Daniel Taradash version of Sartre's "Les Mains Sales" ("Red Gloves," at the Mansfield) reminds me of an obscene parable the exasperated writers of Hollywood have invented to express their contempt of producers. A writer and producer are lost on a desert and are dying of thirst. They happen on a can of tomato juice. About to drink the stuff, the producer stops the writer and says, "First, let's *spit* in it!"

Sartre's play is an effective theatre piece with a philosophic point. All it needed to prove as successful here as it has been in Paris and London was a proper translation and a good cast. The current adaptation makes the play a paltry melodrama without significance or value, even as a vehicle for its star, Charles Boyer.

My opinion of "Red Gloves" has nothing whatever to do with the controversy between Sartre and his American producer as to the piece's political orientation. As Sartre wrote the play, its subject matter related to political intrigue, but its message concerned one of the cardinal tenets of the Sartrian (or, if you will, existentialist) ideology.

A young intellectual, eager to prove himself a man of action, undertakes to commit a political assassination. It is not easy for him to carry out his assignment because he finds the man he is supposed to kill extremely likable. In a sudden fit of jealousy over his wife, the intellectual does finally bring the man down. When the assassin is released from jail, the party that ordered the assassination wants to get rid of him because the victim has become a party hero and martyr. All the assassin has to do to save himself is to claim that the murder was a crime of passion—not a political act—and the party will spare him. The young

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man chooses to let himself be killed because, although at the time of the assassination he was prompted by mixed motives, he is now willing to take a stand: he believes the crime was politically justified.

What Sartre aimed to say was this: a man must decide, through the free choice of his mind and will, what his acts shall mean—and on the basis of that decision accept full responsibility for his life and his death. . . . Sartre's original play is extremely well-contrived because the characters are made interesting and credible, so that even if one misses its philosophic point, the play stands up as an arresting study of human motives under exciting modern circumstances. The boy is an impassioned idealist (the real hero of the play), his wife a girl waiting to be brought to life by some real experience of it, the assassinated party leader a tempered, mature, thoroughly impressive human being. The party members are presented as intelligent workers engaged in a serious but not necessarily sensational situation.

In "Red Gloves" little is left of this but the bare bones of the action: a B-picture plot with emphatic but irrelevant anti-Communist implications—too shriveled and dry even for a Hollywood scenario. The sense of reality is gone: one does not believe in the party that orders the crime, one does not understand the boy who commits it, one is indifferent to his wife, and one cares little for his victim.

The production shows neither understanding of Sartre's intention, nor practical wisdom as to how the play could be put over as a show—except for the casting of the Franco-American star. The scenes have been so telescoped and truncated, and the big confrontation scene between the two protagonists so speeded up, that one doesn't even get the value of the contrast between the two types of men. We never know why the wife should prefer one to the other; the necessary sex motif isn't given a chance to function, and every opportunity to attract us to the story or its characters on a purely emotional basis is sacrificed.

The casting of the play—apart from the question of publicity appeal—is less than mediocre. Boyer is a good actor but, unsupported by a clearly defined external characterization, he is innately too sensitive and moody for the firm metal of the leader he impersonates. His part, moreover, is so reduced in scope that those qualities of warmth and touching inwardness that Boyer does possess are not allowed to emerge. Whatever abilities John Dall and Joan Tetzel may have are not used; they are made to appear like nothing but two agitated sticks.

Jed Harris is a director of considerable skill, talent and intelligence. One asks oneself how such an able showman could so completely have muffed a signal chance for a first-rate production. One hesitates to suggest some unconscious sense of rivalry with or envy of the author who, though not an important artist, is at least an astute craftsman and a person of moment.

HAROLD CLURMAN

MOVIES: Out on a Limb

HAVING DEALT in recent months with race prejudice, alcoholism, the Communist underground and mental hospitals, Hollywood has about exhausted its file of subjects vital to the public welfare. Either that, or Twentieth Century-Fox has just discovered the hectic excitement of climbing out on a limb. It is impossible otherwise to explain why this studio has chosen to present, in "Live Today for Tomorrow," a morbid essay on mercy-killing.

The heartbreaking dilemma is not one that arises with any frequency in American family life and certainly there has been no popular outcry for a film on the subject; on the other hand, there are 24.5 million Catholics in this country, to mention just one group with decided ideas on the sanctity of human life. If you were asked to pick a subject out of a hat, you could scarcely come up with one less likely to be discussed fruitfully in a movie theatre.

Having launched itself on the thin ice of euthanasia, the studio cuts anything but a dashing figure in its bid for applause as a heavy thinker. First it goads Fredric March into killing his wife (Florence Eldridge) by telling him that she is dying of a brain malady whose indescribable tortures medicine cannot even alleviate. Then it proceeds to show him that (1) he shouldn't have done it; (2) he didn't do it; and (3) he's a pretty wicked fellow for having attempted it. Under point 2, Twentieth Century seems to have let an imp slip in while exorcising a demon. Miss Eldridge is made to commit suicide—a practice abominated by both State and Church, but here apparently condoned.

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with the details of March's miserable quandary. He and Miss Eldridge build a good background of character and circumstance because they are skillful actors. You could, however, expect a more intelligent refutation of mercy-killing than the argument that a cure may be discovered tomorrow. This is no argument at all—it is a simple evasion—and there are perfectly valid, if somewhat more advanced, objections available from the viewpoints of law, ethics and religion. I was a little surprised also that the loving husband, knowing his wife to be subject to devastating attacks of vertigo, should have thought fit to lead her into an amusement-park mirror maze.

There is a subsidiary theme in this moral melodrama, one involving the daughter (Geraldine Brooks) and her *fiancé, an idealistic young lawyer* (Edmond O'Brien). March, a judge, is seen at first as an inflexible champion of the letter of the law; but he is softened considerably by the personal tragedy, and at the end he states with fearless passion that justice should be tempered with mercy. Is there an objection to this bold and revolutionary innovation in jurisprudence? And if there is a semanticist in the house, will he tell us what is meant by "Live Today for Tomorrow"?

There is a persistent rumor that Richard Widmark is a subtle, intelligent and versatile actor. It may well be true, but moviegoers must accept the reputation on faith. Ever since he pushed the old lady down the stairs in "Kiss of Death," Widmark has been as relentlessly typed as Lassie. He is a file card marked "weakling killer"; his subtlety, intelligence and versatility have been frozen into a spoiled-child plausibility and a disgusting laugh. He now destroys the reality and suspense of any film that employs him, a predicament that would distress him even more if the pictures themselves were anything but stock frames for his monotonous pose of sniveling menace. The stupidity and artistic destruction in this use of actors is too old a story to warrant elaboration, but in this year of Hollywood's travail it appears to be on the increase. The law of diminishing returns triumphs again.

Widmark's latest offering is "Road House," in which he is discovered vying with Cornel Wilde for the love of Ida Lupino. He frames his old pal on a robbery charge and when that fails to work takes to flourishing firearms in an irresponsible manner. He dies at the end like a mad dog, to the immense surprise of three Tibetan monks enjoying their first visit to Broadway.

Also to be found in "Road House," where her craftsmanship is wasted, is Celeste Holm. Miss Holm is one of those fortunate studio employees who, operating just below the star level, are not required to sacrifice their abilities to casting by mimeograph. Out of each Hollywood generation a few such individuals are set aside unmutilated amid the docile sterility. They are charged with maintaining life in the formulas, and occasionally they steal a picture (Miss Holm stole "Gentleman's Agreement"). But generally they are to be found at the star's elbow, patiently lending substance to his cardboard journey. ROBERT HATCH

CORRESPONDENCE

Small Comforts

SIR: The issues of the *New Republic* for November 15 and 22 leave me somewhat puzzled.

On election day, two packages of gifts were presented to the American people to choose between. The one was supposed to contain more hardships for the many and more profits for the few. The other was labeled as candy for the many and a slight dose of restrictions for the few. An unimpressive majority of the people chose the latter package, and the *New Republic* is going wild with joy. . . . Why—haven't you noticed that both packages contained, besides the promised gifts, identical time bombs: the murderous thing which we call "US Bi-Partisan Foreign Policy"?

I am wondering what good the National Health Program, T-H repeal, or price curbs can do when at the same time mass murder on an unprecedented scale is prepared and no constructive

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efforts for establishing lasting peace are made at all.

Presiding over the new New Deal you greet with such enthusiasm is an administration which, presumably with the best intentions, has committed blunder after blunder in allowing an international situation to develop in which a fanatic and inhuman ideology plays the tune; the level of American action in the international field has been lowered to that dictated by an expansionist, materialistic opponent; speeches made by US spokesmen again and again prove the prevalence of sterile thought along the lines of "military security," "containment of the aggressor," "national prestige," "firm resistance in the face of aggression." . . . Well-meaning men, of high personal integrity, are leading the nation toward a situation in which stupidity and hysteria will find no way but into the final abyss. . . .

If you think that the highly respectable gentlemen presently in charge of our foreign affairs can and will bring about such a moral and intellectual regeneration in American-Russian relations, then go ahead and devote yourself to the secondary issues of lower prices and better labor laws. If you don't, I would suggest that we call in the very best surgeons we have in this country, to remove the patient's cancer, instead of merely paring off his corns.

Berkeley, Calif. GUSTAV H. BAUMI

Election Error

SIR: In your November 15 issue, regarding Illinois, you referred to "Adlai Stevenson, who ended up with a plurality of 58,000, the largest of all the candidates." You erred, for that figure was Truman's lead over Dewey. Stevenson beat Green by more than 500,000, the greatest majority any gubernatorial candidate ever received in Illinois. Douglas beat Curly Brooks by better than 300,000.

Valparaiso, Ind. FINNEY BRIGGS

Chicago's Literary Pioneers

SIR: I am at present engaged, under a grant from the Newberry Library of Chicago, upon a study of literary activity in that city from about 1890 to about 1925. My particular interest is in writers who were affected in one way or another by the fluctuating currents of realism, especially Henry B. Fuller, I. K. Friedman, Hamlin Garland, Robert Herrick, Theodore Dreiser, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Ben Hecht and Maxwell Bodenheim.

I would be very glad to hear from any of your readers who may have special knowledge of, or documents pertaining to, any of these persons or their works, or to any others of the very numerous figures of the Chicago literary world.

I will be in New York City during December, and in Chicago after the first of the year. I will be more than happy to arrange for personal interviews with interested persons of those localities.

East Lansing, Mich. BERNARD I. DUFFEY

BANDWAGON

Noel, Noel!

"I feel that both sides want peace," General Riley declared, adding that he was still "shooting for peace by Christmas." – *Dispatch from Cairo to the New York* Times.

In the Shade of the Family Tree

"Cesariot" (André Fouché) finds out that "Cesar" (Raimu) is his illegitimate grandfather. – *From an advertisement for "Cesar" in the New York* Times.

All Right So Far

Except that they are fastened together, the twins were reported normal. – *From the Chicago* Tribune.

Or, Let's Not Get Down to Cases

Another reason why the college wants no left-wingers on the staff is that "objectivity is nonsense and undesirable," he said. "We want to develop a new kind of political leader here and left-wingers always want to be objective. We want Americanism taught here, not objectivity." – *Dr. Frederick Schweitzer, president of Bloomfield College, as quoted in the New York* Star.

Shocking Deportment

Superintendent of Schools Herbert C. Clish today attributed three knife slashings at the Marine Junior High School to a small group of unruly students. – *UP dispatch from San Francisco.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors

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